TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

During the past couple of years the SATURDAY NIGHT Fresh Air Fund has enabled many hundreds of poor children to have outings which they would not have otherwise enjoyed. I do not like beggars nor is it usually a pleasant task to appeal to the public for aid, no matter how good the cause. Responses have always been so liberal, however, to my annual appeal for aid to give these poor babies a sight of the green grass in the woods and a boat ride over the waters, that I am glad to have the time come around again when I may ask those who have been so unostentatiously generous to renew their subscriptions to this fund. In former years many of the most liberal donations came from little bands of happy and prosperous children, from men who are not known as either religious or generous, from fashionable people who are usually esteemed thoughtless, and almost invariably from those unexpected sources, which proves that the human heart always has a soft place in it for the helpless and unfortunate. Who is more helpless and unfortunate than the little one who has misery for his or her heritage? It cannot be blamed for having been born; it is impossible for it to change the wretchedness of its circumstances or to brighten the gloom of its surroundings. These things must be done for it by the happy and well-to-do and it is only carelessness that prevents a much more general effort to relieve the child life of poverty from its unbroken monotony of hunger and unhappiness. If those who read this page could see the sad eyes and pale faces of the children of misfortune, could touch the unwashed and shrunken hands of the babies improperly nourished, neglected and starving, who are the offspring of the poverty-stricken, the vicious and the reckless, they would give their money more freely and in ten times the amount. Remembering that a dime gives a day of happiness, bread and milk, a ramble in the woods or a ride on the lake to these youngsters, I think I dare ask those who have been generous in the past as well as those who have been neglectful of this duty, to double the amount contributed last year as the amount contributed the year before was doubled. The money is carefully expended, and they who give but a cup of water to one of these shall not be forgotten in the day when our sins shall come up against us and when gentleness to little children will be remembered as one of the abiding proofs that we have within us a soul worth saving. Be good enough to give the subscription list a good send-off next week. Those who send the first few dollars are those who furnish the strongest reminder for others to do likewise.

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Those of us who have been advocating the cause of Imperial Federation have a right to feel very much gratified with the recent utterances of Lord Salisbury, who but a short time ago gave what the political newspapers call "no uncertain sound" as an uncompromising Free Trader. The position of Imperial Federationists in Canada I imagine to have been generally misunderstood. There may have been amongst them those who were simply monarchical sentimentalists, but I have always endeavored to define my position in this matter in what I have said in public and written for Canadian newspapers and American magazines, as that of a believer in a discriminating tariff within the Empire, in favor of those under the British flag and as against all those who did not give the British people preferential terms. Of course this would not apply to any country adopting Free Trade, but as there is no country excepting Great Britain which can be called a Free Trader such a limitation is at present meaningless. I imagine that nearly all colonial adherents of the cause of Imperial Federation are believers in the doctrine of preferential trade. There is the impulse of self-respect which demands that the colony should share in the expense of defending the Empire if they enjoy the privileges and safety guaranteed by the flag; there is also the element of loyalty to the Motherland and the pride in the grand history and glorious future of the Empire, which must influence Britishers everywhere. These things are perhaps the primary reason for desiring to make such an arrangement as may make possible to every descendant of the Motherland a share in her greatness, but no colonist will forget that the colonial position has its disadvantages, which deserves the compensation of preferential treatment in the Home market. If we are to be no better treated than aliens and enemies we cannot be expected to be mere annexes of the Empire or market places for England's goods. When Lord Salisbury talks about adopting a measure of protection against the countries which exclude British goods but which are pouring their own output into the British market, he appeals to the artizan class who are feeling very acutely the competition of Germany, France and Switzerland. If this departure from Free Trade is made, it will prove that the British people have been made to feel that highly protected countries can injure if not destroy the business of a Free Trade country. They will then sympathize with Canada and though Lord Salisbury has said that he would not put a tax on food or raw materials, such reciprocity treaties can be negotiated as may practically exclude the United States from the British market. If this be done, protection in the great Republic will have received its deathblow.

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The United States sends more than half of its entire exports to Great Britain. If it be possible to close this market to the United States the producers of bread stuffs, meat, sugar, cotton, in that great country would be at their wits' end for a market and would rise in rebellion against the protective tariff, the selfishness and extortion of which has largely driven Great Britain to this strait. It would not need much to convert the United States of America to Free Trade doctrine. British reprisal is all that is needed and nothing has been said or done within a decade to so greatly help the Democratic and Free Trade party of the United States as Lord Salisbury's speech threatening reprisal on protectionist countries. That he pointedly omitted the United States from his threat means little or nothing. He dare not threaten to increase the price of food just before a general election, but as soon as the British public can be convinced that Canada can produce the wheat, Egypt and India the cotton, the British West Indies the sugar necessary for consumption or to keep busy the looms of industrial England, the United States knows full well that the further reprisal will not be delayed an hour. This will make them think. Already agricultural America is discontented. If they fear they are about to lose their market every farmer and planter, every stock raiser will be in open revolt. The people of the United States know full well that amongst nations they are known as the great, insatiable commercial hog. They have tried to feed at every crib while refusing the advantage of even a half-way measure of reciprocity to any other nation. They have now had notice to beware. The Grit newspapers may also take notice that their clamor for Commercial Union has helped to convince England that she must do something for her colonies or lose them. They had no hope of bringing this conviction home to the Motherland and cannot be praised for their motives, yet often good out of evil comes and as our Trade and Navigation returns show, both the Canadian agitation for Commercial Union and the Yankee McKinley Bill instead of doing Canada harm have been useful in convincing Great Britain that jug-handled Free Trade is impracticable.

The all-night session of Parliament and the fight the Opposition are making against the Redistribution Bill are significant. The Opposition believe they have a grievance. If the country can be made to believe they have a grievance it will injure the Government. It is not always what is true but what people can be made believe is true that affects an election. The refusal to have a Parliamentary investigation of the Caron charges even if it was followed by the appointment of a French-Canadian and partizan commission, cannot relieve the Government from popular suspicion that they are more anxious to conceal than to expose the shortcomings of the ex-Minister of Militia. The refusal to investigate Judge Elliott of London has an ugly look. Hair-splitting and declamation with regard to the unassailable purity of the judges will be useless if the people are impressed with the idea that crooked work is going on and even those who sit on the bench are being utilized to maintain a Government majority. Then the Redistribution Bill following what may be maintained by the opponents of the Government as rather high-handed proceedings, makes it difficult to show the electors that Premier Abbott and Sir John Thompson are fulfilling their pledges of being just, clean and patriotic though the heavens fall. The bitter fight in Parliament is being watched. What the people can be made to believe, and not the facts, must be considered by these politicians who are responsible for the administration. It cannot be denied that there is an uneasy feeling in the country; many strong Conservatives are saying that the Government has too great a majority. They try to prove this by arguing that this great majority is being used for unjust purposes. This sort of talk is in itself the greatest conceivable danger to the Government. Public sympathy is always against the strong man who unmercifully beats a weak opponent. Premier Abbott must be just and merciful in his strength. Canada is getting sick of gerrymanders and queer political work. Let an impartial tribunal attend to the redistribution of seats. If it be done by a commission of judges on the basis of rep. by pop., Toronto will get five or six members instead of four. A commission can give us this; a government cannot. Toronto has reason to prefer a commission. I am convinced that the Conservative party is as sensitive with regard to all questions of honor and justice as the most declamatory of the Grit purists. Because I believe this I appreciate the danger of Premier Abbott going too far in his endeavor to entrench his party in power by methods which are only defensible on the ground that they have been used by his opponents and would be used by them again if they had the opportunity. He is strong enough now to inaugurate a new era and he may rest convinced that that era will be inaugurated, if not by him by somebody else.

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I am sorry to see that William Wilfred Campbell, the Poet of the Lakes, has been refused a position in the Parliamentary library at Ottawa. The Premier seems to have that contempt for "literary fellers" which marks the successful stock broker and pork packer. Mr. Campbell has been a contributor to the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT; I know him personally and I know the high esteem in which his work is held by New York editors, who are really the supreme court in American literary matters. Mr. Abbott expressed the fear that if literary eminence were made the basis of an appointment to the Ottawa library he might be besieged by all sorts of scribblers in search of places. His soul need not be disturbed on this point. There is only one William Wilfred Campbell, only one Poet of the Lakes, only one little curate amongst us whose soul repeats in sweet rhythm the song of river and lake, of forest and rocky shore. He is unique, he is great, he is Canadian, he is poor. Why should we exile this man? Have we no need of Canadian songs? Do we not esteem the pen which pictures the beauty of our waters and our woods? Must we apply the picayune measurement of the pork packer to the man whose merit is the sweetness of his verse? The United States Government never loses an opportunity of sending its clever literary men as ministers or consuls to foreign lands. Bayard Taylor, Howells, General Lew Wallace, Whitelaw Reid, almost every literary man the Union has produced has been given a foreign mission in order to widen his ideas and give him an opportunity of development, and we here in Canada squabble over a one-horse appointment to the library when that gentle and unassuming little man who has labored as a rector, has had to sit down in poverty and weariness and write his prettiest verses, would like to have a few years amidst the books owned by Canada's people, where every dollar he got would be well earned and where every leisure moment would be utilized in writing the song of Canada's beauties. This sort of thing makes those of us who live by our pen very weary.

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On Saturday night I saw the Queen's Own march past, on their way to the station I suppose. They reminded me of those lines in the old reader:

> Somebody's darling marched away,
> Looking so handsome, brave and grand;
> Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
> Somebody clung to his parting hand.

I thought about those boys saying good-bye to the folks at home and then going so gally off for a holiday. I saw the same battalion march away to the North-West; I saw them come home again, but never till Saturday night did I become seized of the fact that I have an intense affection for our soldier boys. As the band played and the swinging lamps on the helmets led the column, I wanted to get out and walk with them. The same impulse had carried away about a thousand citizens who were trudging along on sidewalk and boulevard; lines of schoolboys with even and steady step marched ahead of the music. The long lines stirred the onlooker with the excitement of motion; the regularity of the movement seemed an assertion of strength and organization. I do not wonder the children followed the Pied Piper of Hamelin over the mountains. Music and motion are intoxicating, either in the dance or in the march out. It is so fascinating to me that I believe I could follow a fife and drum band to Halifax without any particular reason for going or any particular care for what I had left. Some people think that this intoxication is bad. I don't. If God had not intended us to be this sort of people He would not have put this sort of thing in us. I think Inspector J. L. Hughes is a humbug in many respects, but I like to see him impressing the boys with that spirit which will make them good soldiers. I like to see the little fellows march; I glory in the enthusiasm I see in their faces. It is that spirit that makes the difference between the man and the mouse. I like to see the man with the "go" in him that music and motion appeal to; he has a heart that can be stirred by an appeal to his manhood. He is not a good citizen, he is lacking in patriotism and devoid of all the instincts of self-sacrifice and of glorious bravery who does not feel his heart strings responding to the music of the band and the marching of the boys. His eye is dull and his soul asleep who sees nothing fascinating in the glitter of the uniform and in the sensuous motion of a marching line. This instinct may be barbaric; it is human. Without it no great battles would have been fought, no great nations established; without it Canada would be nothing. There is no city in the world that loves its soldier lads better than Toronto; it is its most human and one of its most praiseworthy attributes. Torontonians like one another; they stick together very well indeed, but chiefly does this city stand always ready to give the Queen's Own and the Grenadiers and the Body Guard and the Highlanders a right royal greeting. Old men and boys march to the music and gaze with pride at these lads, and I for one love Toronto better because it is so.

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A French judge has given Edward Deacon a year in jail for killing his wife's paramour. This it seems to me is the penalty of an American killing a Frenchman in France rather than the punishment of a crime. I may be saying a wrong thing but I am only repeating what juries all over the world affirm, when I state my belief that the man who kills his wife's paramour is doing exactly the right thing. There are some things that we must defend with our lives; there are sins which if we venture to commit we must know are at the risk of our lives. Every man can appreciate the feeling of a husband who cannot bear that the world should hold both him and the man who has dishonored him. Doubly is this the case when the destroyer of his happiness has dishonored his innocent children and made the name that he and his babies wear a disgraceful thing. It is very easy to say that the same rule should be applied to men and women. The rule has never been so applied and I doubt if it ever will be; nor do I hold it right that it should be so. A father cannot dishonor his children as a mother may. The world never expects the child of a bad woman to be good. Whether it be because of this suspicion or by reason of heredity, we seldom find, examples indeed are very rare of good children having a wicked mother. The whole language seems to have been constructed to characterize a bad man or a bad woman as the descendant of an evil mother. The cruellest and most abusive epithets in every language are those that stigmatize a man or a woman as having been conceived by an impure woman. No matter what we may think is justice, no

A WILD MIDNIGHT RIDE.

matter how we may balance temptations and demand that guilt be equally allotted, the fact remains that the married woman who goes wrong, that the mother who adopts an evil life ruins herself and damns her children beyond excuse or reparation. Every woman knows this and when in spite of it she does as Mrs. Deacon did, though four of her children had to bear the ignominy of her sin, she writes her name upon the fences of the public street to be spat upon, and her husband cannot be blamed for shedding blood that the world may at least know that he did not consent to her wantonness.

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Last week I ventured to say that the Methodists did not believe in a state church nor in a state-aided church. In confirmation of this I am glad to observe that at the General Conference of the United States recently held, a resolution was unanimously passed that they should hereafter "decline either to make a petition to or to receive from the national Government any moneys for educational work among the Indians." I sincerely thank the Methodist brother who sent me the paper containing this paragraph, and nothing was ever more cheerfully done than I write this paragraph proving that Canadian Methodists are doing now by petitioning the Government for an additional Indian subsidy, exactly what the Methodists of the United States have resolved they shall do no more. Quoting from the same report I may be permitted to add the words of Dr. J. M. King, who did justice to the Baptist denomination by saying that they are "the only evangelical denomination in this country who have never consented to take one dollar from the Government for education." I am considered heterodox by so many people because I oppose these sectarian grants and inexcusable clutches after influence or money, that it does me good to see my opposition maintained not only by the Methodists, but by the Baptist church. In politics I am so continually running the risk of being called an atheist because I refuse to accept foolish things done by orthodox churches, that when evangelical denominations pointedly declare by unanimous resolution for the very things for which I have been contending, I may be permitted to quote these resolutions and to entrench myself behind enlightened orthodoxy. The habit of calling men atheists who are thoroughly evangelical in everything except acute sectarianism, is a disgrace to those who use the epithet. If I cannot criticize Methodism when it makes a mistake, or Presbyterianism when it shows evidences of bigotry, or Anglicanism when it lapses into formalism, without having nasty words thrown at me, I am indeed in an unfortunate position. Men who practice name-calling, believing it to be argument, are religious hoodlums. What is right is right and anyone who endeavors to protect his false position in an ecclesiastical argument by abusive language, simply proves that religion with him is meaningless and that he is as partizan in spiritual affairs as he is in the most in political matters who is willing to be a repeater, a thug and a blackguard in order to maintain the supremacy of his party. DON.

Social and Personal.

All manner of persons and a variety of weather were exhibited on the anniversary of the birthday of our good Queen. Early in the day pretty women laid out their wraps and fur coats, at noon they scanned the rising mercury, and with a sigh of content decided on the pretty new race gown, without doubt or mis giving; by 4 p.m. the fur jackets were *en evidence*, and the hapless silken lace-draped gowns contained very shivering specimens of mortality. Such a deceiving day, and such unstable sunshine. At ten o'clock a large number of spectators, carriage folk, and more independent pedestrians assembled in the north end of the Queen's Park, on the fine old cricket ground, to see the presentation of colors, to the dear Kilties. Mrs. Merritt, in an impressive and graceful manner, made the presentation. Lord Stanley of Preston who had arrived to the strains of God Save the Queen, wore the uniform of a colonel of the 4th Battalion, King's Own, and wore on his breast the star of a G.C.B. He was attended by Major Walsh, A.D.C., Major the Hon. J. H. St. Aubyn, A.D.C., and Capt. Lord Kilcourse, A.D.C. Mrs. Merritt's gown was a daring combination of white and red, with a large white hat and red bows and plumes. It would have been trying to many, but she wore it successfully, her golden hair and bright smiling face being radiant with sunny good-will. Among the spectators were Sir David and Lady Macpherson and Mrs. Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Homer Dixon, Captain and Miss McMaster and Mrs. Hertzberg, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison.

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In the early afternoon carriage after carriage rolled eastward to the race track, filled with ladies in every variety of lovely garb. Quite a number of the lady guests of the Ontario Jockey Club held *rendezvous* at the Queen's Hotel, and took their way to the grounds in special cars provided for them. Golden sunshine streamed hotly down on the grand stand, the great luncheon marquee and the throng of visitors. The fresh lake air was deliciously pure and carried faint odor of cherry blossoms from the blushing orchards. Girlish voices were heard reckly betting on the horses they fancied, and laughing men upbraiding their want of system and ignorant recklessness. Inside the marquee, hungry and thirsty folk rejoiced in a dainty lunch, such as Webb always provides, champagne corks flew, jokes and books were made, and so the merry war went on. The Vice-Regal party, Lord and Lady Stanley, Commodore and Mrs. Boswell occupied a commanding box. Mr. Hendrie, Miss Tena Hendrie, Miss Maude Hendrie, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Armstrong and a crowd of other well known society people were near by. Among the gowns one could not help noticing were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick's handsome costume of black striped with *vieux rose*; Mrs. Bristol's rich corded gown of blue and gold; Mrs. Davidson's navy blue and red, with red hat; Mrs. Justice MacMahon's black with white dot, handsome cloak and bonnet, and scarlet and black lace parasol; Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, whose blonde beauty seems to bid defiance to time, looked very charming in an exquisite shade of mauve, with purple velvet corselet and a gold passementerie bonnet, with a tuft of mauve feathers in front; Mrs. George T. Denison wore a dainty frock of striped mauve and white, with Irish lace fichu, and a violet crowned straw hat; Mrs. Walter Barwick looked well in brown corduroy, with coat and shrimp pink blouse; Mrs. Charles Temple's costume was blue as her eyes and vastly becoming; a *chic* gown was Mrs. Hartley Dewart's white serge, with white hat and charming little white shoes. The frocks of the young ladies rivalled their chaperones in style and becomingness. Miss Sybil Seymour wore a lovely gray suit, with a large picture hat and soft plumes; Miss Violet Seymour, a gold-colored silk, with fichu of dull brown; Miss Bessie Macdonald, cream cloth, with corselet and trimmings of gold passementerie; Miss Arthurs, a very trim fitting little frock of striped navy blue and red silk, with bodice of blue. One of the loveliest girls on the grand stand was Miss Ethel Ridout, who looked more than well in a beautiful costume of mauve and black lace; Miss Hendrie wore mauve, dotted with black; her sister, a wonderful effect in faint colored stripes on black silk; Miss Sewell wore white serge, with brocaded steel-gray vest and cuffs; very charming was Miss Susie Jones' white diagonal, with pouillion coat tails and a little jet bonnet with long strings of apple green ribbon. She looked a perfect picture in it. One of the most admired and original gowns was Miss Boltc's pale pink cloth, trimmed with narrow borders of seal fur. It had a most delicate and charming effect. But I could fill the society columns with only the bald mention of the dozens of beautiful gowns which were worn on that fair Queen's birthday, and where should I then put the gay doings of other days?

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The Victoria Club ball, which was postponed until last night out of respect to the memory of Sir Alexander Campbell, occurred too late for a full account this week. The decorations in red, white and yellow bunting, and draperies of vieux rose and gold, were most effective and artistic. Rich curtains, cosy corners and brilliant light effects transformed the rink into a very bower of beauty. A complete account of guests, gowns and gaiety will be given next week.

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A cricket match was held at Trinity College grounds on May 24, followed by an At Home. A large number of fashionable folk attended.

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Fun reigned everywhere on the Queen's birthday, but one of the very funniest sights witnessed was the cooks' parade gotten up by the bugler boys of the Queen's Own in Owen Sound. It took the form of a parade of the 148th Royal Irish Highlanders. This extraordinary regiment wore the kilties, their sporrans were composed of inverted whitewash brushes and their kilties of every known hue and material. Their march past before the mess tent where the city fathers of Owen Sound were being entertained, caused almost apoplectic hilarity.

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Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Cosbie, 24 Rose avenue, have left on a trip to Rochester, New York, Boston and Montreal.

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Mr. Fred Abraham, city editor of the *Ontario* Belleville, a young newspaper man of more than ordinary ability, was quietly married on Wednesday, May 11, at Bay City, Mich., to Miss Maud Charters, a very estimable young lady and the center of a large circle of friends in Belleville. The nuptials were celebrated at the residence of the bride's brother, Robert Charters of 112 Farragut street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. E. E. Caster, presiding elder of the Methodist district of Bay City. The bride was very handsomely attired in cream silk with natural roses. After the ceremony there was a wedding supper, after which the happy couple left amid a shower of rice for Grand Rapids, Chicago, Detroit, Woodstock, Toronto and Montreal.

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A recital by the pupils of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, will be given in the lecture hall, Normal School, on next Tuesday evening.

*

Miss Ada Taylor of Taylor's Hill, Belleville, is visiting her friends, Mr. and Mrs. T. Fred Webb, 88 Avenue road.

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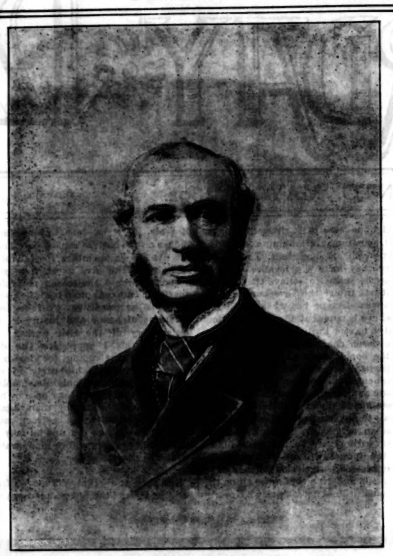
Mr. R. C. Kirkpatrick, M. B. of C., Perth, is spending a few days in the city.



The Late Sir Alexander Campbell.

After eighteen months' illness Sir Alexander Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, passed away, at three o'clock, on the afternoon of May 24, at the age of three score and ten. His daughter, Miss Marjorie Campbell, his niece, Miss Marion Strange, and his brother, Mr. Charles Campbell, were present when the end came. The funeral took place at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, and was attended by the representatives of every class and creed in the city. Among those whom I noticed were: Sir Oliver Mowat, Col. Dawson, Hon. R. M. Wells, Mrs. Yarker, Rev. A. Baldwin, Mr. Beatty, Principal McMurchy, Col. G. T. Denison, Dean Jones of Trinity College, Commander Law, Col. R. B. Hamilton. Two coupes laden with floral tributes followed the hearse, and Sir Alex. Campbell was borne to his tomb amid gray skies and falling rain, recalling the comforting saying, "Happy is the corpse the rain falls on."

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Mr. H. Henwood of the Bank of Toronto, Port Hope, has been removed to Toronto.

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Miss Stanton, who has been visiting Miss Corbett of Ernadale, Port Hope, has returned to Toronto.

*

Miss Florence Washington, the talented young elocutionist, sailed yesterday, Friday, on the Parisian for Europe, where she intends pursuing her studies under the best masters until fall, when she will probably make a tour of Canada.

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The Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club played the three-act comedy, A Russian Honeymoon, in Port Hope, on Queen's birthday, to one of the largest and most fashionable audiences that have assembled in the Opera House for years. The ladies of the town gave the club a most enjoyable dance after the performance, which was greatly appreciated by those present.

*

Mrs. Nordheimer has returned to Glenedyth from a visit to Ashville, North Carolina, where she has been for a couple of months for the health of one of her children.

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Owing to the death of Mrs. Frank Pepler's little son, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. FitzGibbon were missed from the festivities of race week.

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Among the pretty gowns at the races was that worn by Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, a flowered bengaline, trimmed with maroon velvet, with a large white leghorn hat trimmed with old rose *chiffon*.

*

Mr. Bolster has taken Mr. Henry O'Brien's residence on Sherbourne street during the absence of Mr. O'Brien's family in Europe.

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The concert in aid of St. John's Hospital will be held in Association Hall on Tuesday evening. Those who have heard Miss Hillary's choral club will doubtless be on hand to applaud Dinah Doe and all the other pretty numbers on the programme, on the evening of May 31.

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Mr. Harry Corby of Belleville was in town since Wednesday for the races.

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A very interesting programme has been prepared by the pupils of the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution for the evening of May 31. The entertainment takes place at the Pavilion, and is under the supervision of Prof. S. H. Clark, principal of the Conservatory. The programmes are gotten up in a most artistic and finished style.

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Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Northcote and Miss Georgie Scott will spend the summer months in Europe.

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The Hamilton Yacht Club is to be opened for the season with a fashionable At Home to-day.

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Miss Cowan of Seaforth is visiting the Misses Edwardes of Howland avenue.

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The Damrosch concert called together a most appreciative audience, and the music-loving fashionables received their reward. Among the large audience were: Prof. and Mrs. Torrington, Signor D'Auria, Madame D'Auria and party, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Percy Manning and party, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Signor Guiseppe Dinelli, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schuch, Miss Alice Bunting and party, Mrs.

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Art and Artists.

NEVER before had the Ontario Society of Artists such an exhibition as that now covering the walls of the rooms at 173 King street west. The pictures are of a better average than last year, and this was the opinion expressed over and over again by those present on Wednesday evening. And despite the rain it was a large and critical audience that enlivened the rooms on that occasion. Many pictures had been thrown out by the hanging committee, a higher standard than usual being set, still there were pictures prominently hung that gave no decent excuse for their presence save the name of their authors. It must be poor policy for an artist who can do fine work to abuse the good nature of the committee by foisting poor pictures upon them, for these being hung cause visitors to form an incorrect idea of the artist's work. Once a patron becomes delighted with a man's work, he is thereafter predisposed to admire his further productions and once he is displeased he is thereafter predisposed to dislike whatever he exhibits. In the same way, I think, some exhibitors overdid the thing in the number of pieces shown. When you see one man's work all over the hall, on subjects so nearly alike that you have to compare them to convince yourself that they are not present in identical doubles, there is a suggestion that the pictures are turned out so many per day or else that the year's work has hung a dead but accumulating stock on the artist's hands. If a man paints in water color and oil, portraits and landscapes, there is justification for him exhibiting his best samples in each class, but to double several times over in one class without any distinguishing features in subject and treatment is unwise. To my notion F. A. Verner's really excellent water colors of cows and of Indians in canoes and his cows in oils would have attracted more attention, as notable individual pictures, if the eye of the spectator had not been diverted to right and left by others more or less similar, from the same hand. Alone any one of the pictures named would have commanded concentrated attention, whereas their multiplicity lured the visitor on and on until he had flitted away from them all with a general feeling of satisfaction but with no specific remembrance or admiration for any particular piece of work. I have selected Mr. Verner because he makes the best example of what I mean, but there are others who prevented their best exhibits from securing that admiration they were entitled to.

The size alone of G. A. Reid's Foreclosing the Mortgage and T. Mower Martin's In Charge, causes them to command first attention on entering the main hall. But size alone is nothing when one commences an examination. Mr. Reid's picture is not equal to its large forerunner, and I can understand the severe criticisms dealt out to it in the east. Being a pretentious work more is expected of it than one looks for in more humble efforts, and this must not be lost sight of. The subject is saddening and this is the cause of the bulk of objection found in it by critics, though objection is also taken to the light in the room and over the cradle. Mr. Martin's picture impresses one with the idea that the subject is purely fictitious, but yet the action of the dog is excellent. Both these pictures if smaller might escape every disparaging word now spoken of them, but they stand up there large and towering, challenging the spectator to fall down and worship them, which the aforesaid spectator sees no cause for doing. Another two pictures one is irresistibly drawn to Carl Ahren's Cradled in a Net and E. Wyley Grier's portrait of his father. The two, by consensus of opinion, are pronounced the pictures of the exhibition. As a colorist Mr. Ahrens, along with O. R. Jacobi, stands conspicuous and Cradled in a Net is undoubtedly the finest of his productions as well as the most recent one from his brush. This is an indication of still further and better things to come. At Ottawa, Montreal, and now at Toronto, this picture has won particular attention, and deservedly so. A Modern Cherub is also good, but has not all of that indefinite charm imparted to the other. Mr Grier's portrait is perhaps the best ever produced in Canada, but defies all the traditions of the old masters. Before the figure is a table, and behind him none of that friendly shadow into which it can softly retreat or mingle. The figure looms out, confidently and strongly, afraid of no inspection, triumphant in its conscious power. His portrait of Mrs. J. K. Kerr is by some preferred to the other, and has in truth nearly all of the admirable characteristics of the Father. In the same class I will include O. P. Staples' On Duty, although close critics may say that the dog has disappointing hind-

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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This Sprinkler was invented by a DRY GOODS MAN in Bay City, Mich. He noticed that when his neighbors set out their sprinklers, they wet all over the sidewalks as well as the lawn. On going back and forth to the store he was often forced into the middle of the street to avoid a spray from the sprinkler. Ladies often ruined their dresses from this source. It set him to thinking. Sprinklers should not be a nuisance. Could one be made that would sprinkle, if desired, in a half circle? He thought so. He commenced to work and experiment. That was five years ago. It required lots of patience and there were many disappointments, but to-day, NOTE THE RESULT

Five good reasons why this is the best sprinkler to buy:

1. It will not clog up. 2. It will sprinkle a circle from 4 to 60 feet in diameter, according to the water pressure. 3. It distributes the water equally over the entire service, wasting none around the base of the machine. 4. This is the only machine ever invented that will sprinkle water in a half-circle, thus preventing the wetting of walks which thoroughly sprinkling the lawn. 5. It can be changed from a circle to a half-circle or vice versa, in five seconds.

We now claim to have the only perfect sprinkler in existence. It is simple, will not wear out nor clog up. It well made and handsomely nickled, is boxed singly with full directions how to use. Its merits are, without question, pre-eminently superior to any other. RICK LEWIS & SON, Ltd., Toronto.

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JAMES BAIN & SON, Fine Stationery, Toronto

Some Sweet Summer Gowns.

LOW-NECKED linings are again used in thin muslins, the high outside being of shirred rows of batiste forming a yoke, or else of guipure. Four puffs an inch wide, divided by double rows of shirring passing around the shoulders, make a pretty batiste yoke. The waist is gathered to this yoke with a slight erect ruffle, and is shirred at the waist line in front and back. A pretty plan with such a waist is to add two shirred puffs at the top of the skirt above the end of the waist. The sleeves of many such dresses are entirely without lining. All seams in these French dresses are sewed by hand, those of the waist being bag seams with covered edges. Printed batistes with blue or white stripes and dots have a foundation skirt cut from the same piece. The outer skirt is bell shape, has a whole breadth in front, a half breadth on each side slightly sloped, and two wide breadths in the bias back. A single deep loop on each side catches up the skirt about the hips. Sometimes a band of guipure insertion is let in the side seams their whole length. A deep flounce of guipure on one batiste dress has an inch-wide gathered ruche of the batiste sewed on its flaring edge, and another as a heading. Sometimes the round waist is tucked by hand in tiny bands from a shallow yoke of guipure, and is belted with gray-blue or rose-pink satin ribbon two inches wide tied in an upturned bow at the back. Entirely white batiste morning dresses are woven in wide stripes with small dots alternating with an embroidered stripe imitating guipure lace. These are made in very elegant wrappers, with the princesse back shirred at the waist, then sloping out in a seam like that of a bell skirt. The front is also shirred into shape, and has a deep bertha fall of lace with also a jabot down the front. The sleeves are a single puff above the elbow and a lace frill below. *Chou*x or cockade bows of satin ribbon—mauve, pink, or blue—are set amid the lace, and in a deep flounce at the foot.

A second gown for afternoon receptions, is of white India silk with vines of pink roses separated by black satin stripes a third of an inch wide. The effective black lines suggest black satin ribbon trimming, which is used in two widths in two frills all around the bell skirt, one frill an inch wide, and the other below it an inch and a half in width, set on scantily and quite apart. The flat back of the waist has seams to the shoulders in an old-fashioned way, and the front is drawn full to a point. Very white and very open guipure lace falls from a high lace collar in a deep pointed collarette in front and back, and in drooping epaulettes. Two *chou*x of black satin are set on the chest, with ends pointing upward. The balloon-puffed sleeves have open guipure close sleeves from the elbow down.

Simple cambric and dotted percale dresses for morning wear at home have the shirred princesse back with bell seam in the skirt. The front differs in having a deep bodice made of cross folds of percale an inch wide fitted to the figure, with the part above gathered to the collar and drooping over the top of the bodice. This upper part is of the colored percale striped lengthwise with open embroidery, and sewed to a standing collar of the embroidery. The skirt, three yards wide, is without a foundation, and can be worn over any pretty white cambric petticoat. The foot is trimmed with two lapping full frills of the percale, each two inches wide, and each edged with white guipure lace equally wide. These ruffles have no heading, are "whipped" on the skirt, the lace of the upper ruffle lapping entirely over the percale of the lower, making a full and bunchy trimming.

The only sateens shown by the modistes have Turkey red or gray-blue grounds, with Oriental designs in rich colors or in arabesques in cream or gray shades. These are made with a Watteau coat back and pointed belted front, with an ecru guipure plastron. The lace is set on flatly and wide down the sides of the coat, and the collar and deep cuffs are of guipure. A *chou* of black satin ribbon is on each side of the chest, and a frill of lace drops therefrom. Folds of black ribbon come from the armhole to the pointed front, and end in a *chou*. The bell skirt lined with silk—either red or blue to match the ground of this gray gown—is trimmed all around with four frills of inch-wide black satin ribbon, set on with an inch space between.

Simple lawn and cambric dresses have the white ground woven like drawn-work in cross-bars, and are strewn with colored Greek squares, or else with blossoms—blue cornflowers, pink roses, or orchids of pale violet hues. These are made over a low-necked fitted lining of white or cambric, with a foundation skirt of the same gathered to a deep yoke, and sloped in the back seam, then trimmed with a foot pleating of the figured lawn inserted at the end of the hem or facing. The high lawn waist is cut as a Russian blouse of very simple shape, buttoned down the left side, or else it has a yoke of open-patterned white embroidery. Another waist fitted in the back by two side forms has an open jacket front cut away low on the hips, meeting a coat frill that is gathered (with an erect ruffle heading) to the fitted back. Under the jackets is a blouse front of plain white nainsook in tiny tucks run by hand, and crossed by a belt of ribbon the color of the flowers. In still other jacket waists the lawn back is slit at the waist line and stitched in five pleats, each an inch wide, and the belt ribbon passes in and out of these pleats, then goes under the jacket front in the under-arm seams, and is knotted in front over a tucked mull blouse. A turned-over collar of the mull doubled has a cravat band and bow of the ribbon. Large, straight sleeves are gathered to mull cuffs. The bell skirt of lawn is three yards wide, and is simply hemmed, or it may be slit up from the foot in tabs eight inches deep and about three inches wide, the space between filled with embroidery, and a scalloped ruffle of embroidery at the foot.

The new zephyr ginghams are crinkled to give the popular *crepe*d effect, and come in shaded stripes of lilac or blue, and in checks of light blue and pink with large bars of a darker color, either dark rose or navy blue. They are trimmed with a bias flounce on which are narrow rows of dark velvet ribbon a third of an inch wide; three rows are on the hem of the flounce, and a heading of three rows is set above on the bell skirt. Morning dresses with princesse shirred back, and others with shirred waist and separate skirt are entirely without lining. They have a square yoke wholly of open embroidery, or else of alternate stripes of gingham and an insertion that imitates guipure lace, with either a bertha, bretelles, or a jabot of lace or of embroidery. The sleeves are three-quarters of a yard wide in a single puff from armhole to elbow, and close fitting below. The gingham puff is striped with insertion on very elaborate dresses, and the lower part is entirely of embroidery or guipure. Plainer dresses omit this embroidery, and merely band the sleeves with velvet ribbon at the elbow and wrists, tying a short bow or *chou* on the inner seam.

The ladies who gave the very successful "At Homes" last week are to be congratulated upon the very charming appearance of their fair guests. For years there have not been seen so many new and tasteful costumes, so early in the season. The happy combinations of color in the toilettes were most refreshing after our long cold spring. It would be useless to mention names where the *tout ensemble* was so good. I was glad to see the dresses were not too long, though the added inches give a style we have missed for several years in our drawing-rooms. I also observed that lace was very freely used, always such an elegant adjunct of dress. There were very handsome black lace—what shall I call them? not jackets nor dolmans, nor Spanish mantillas, but a happy combination of all these, hanging in soft folds from the shoulders and giving a very desirable drapery to ladies who wish to be cool and yet dislike going, as the saying is, "in their figure." The bonnets and hats were of every style from the large picture hat to the riding hat, which also appeared on one occasion, giving a suggestion of a ride in from the country. Needless to say, it was worn by a fair English woman, the very sight giving one an idea of breezy downs, country lanes and May blossoms.

LA MODE.

When it Cometh.

For Saturday Night.

"In that day seven women shall take hold of one man."
—ISAIAH iv., 1.

How blessed will man be in the days to come,
The glad, free days of the Millennium,
When all surrounded by women seven
Happy mortal grasps his seventh heaven.

But, hold! he could not hold them all;
Excess of bliss would begin to pall;
With seven doubtless jealous of their swain,
The chances are he would be rent in twain.

Besides, he must support and clothe them too;
The thing begins to assume another hue,
And soft so rosy as at first fond blush;
In fact it would be quite too much a crush.

And taking all in all it seems to me
Forsaking seven I would break for free—
Don't's cover and covert their female
Till five or six had each secured a swain.

GASSANOVA. G. N. BEAUMONT.

Decoration Day at Rochester.

The steamer Carmona will run an excursion from Toronto to Rochester, leaving on Saturday, May 28, and returning Wednesday, June 1. This will enable excursionists to take in Decoration Day at Rochester, where the celebration will include the unveiling of a beautiful monument to the fallen heroes of the late war. Speeches will be made by President Harrison, Post-Master General Wanamaker, Secretary of War Elkins, Governor Flowers, ex-Governor Hill and others. It will be a big day in the history of Rochester.

In Boston.

Jackson Parke—Do you know Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay?

Athenia Hubbs—No. I don't care for these French writers very much.

Expense no Object.

Tantivy Tooler—You ought to go to Europe this year; it's cheaper than staying home.

Jack Lever—Yes; that's why I prefer to stay home.

Accommodating.

Walkabout Walker—Say, young feller, won't you give me a lift?

Elevator Boy—Certainly! Step in. Which floor?

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N. B.—Decorations for any occasion our specialty. Floral offerings on short notice.

STYLE, COMFORT AND WEAR

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Ladies' Walking or Dress Boots

OUR OWN MAKE

79 King Street East

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FINE Stationery without fine prices. Hurd & Co.'s finest American note paper and envelopes by box or quire at the close figures that's the vogue with this store.

Hurd's Irish Linen note, 15c. quire.
Hurd's Satin Wove, cream, 20c. quire.
Hurd's Linen Cloth note, 20c. quire.
Hurd's Kid Finish note, cream, azure, opeline, silver gray, heliotrope, 20c. quire.
Hurd's Twilled Flax note, 20c. quire.

Envelopes to match in every kind and shade. These are the fashionable New York writing papers usually sold at fancy prices.

One might expect the book counters to constitute a popular corner of the store. So it be. The best and the newest it literature is the guiding plan of the department, and prices somewhat rather lower than most places charge.

50c. series popular fiction, 7c. each; 3 for 20c.
Lizzie Marion Harland's, May Agnes Fleming and other well-known writers, 17c. each; 3 for 50c.
Nada, the Lily, 50c. publisher's price 60c.
Our Bessie, by Rose Cary, 25c.
Averil, by Rose Cary 25c.
Fancy, Bessie, Elsie and Mildred books, handsome cloth, 20c. each.

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F. N. good numbers in black—a fine, long waisted corsets.

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Special lines in Cashmere, 25c. and 35c.
Good cotton hose, fast color, from 19c.
Drop Stitch Lisle Thread, an elegant summer hose.

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Ladies, Our Three Departments now fully opened. MILLINERY, choice spring stock, new shades. Latest designs in shapes, in great variety. Call and take advantage of our long experience.
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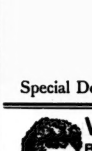

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES, etc., permanently and skilfully removed by the electric needle.

MISS PATON has a beautiful assortment of the latest Paris styles for early spring wear, and is receiving some elegant models for street costumes. Ladies will find a variety to meet every occasion, and good fit and work guaranteed.
Rooms, Golden Lion, R. Walker & Sons, 35 King Street East

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117 Yonge St.
TORONTO

Is respectfully invite your attention to a new and choice selection of

Paris, London and New York
Pattern Bonnets
Hats and Toques
Also Parisian Novelties in
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Made singly to order and fitted to the form.

THE ROYAL DRESS REFORM
Empress Princess
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Abdominal and other Corsets and Waists in Great Variety
Leave your orders at—
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They are the Best
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MISS HOLLAND
Desires to call the attention of ladies about to purchase Millinery to her Fine Stock of French and American Bonnets and Hats, &c., in all the leading shapes and colors, which, on inspection, will be found all that can be desired in style, while the prices are those of greatly inferior goods in the so-called cheap stores.

MISS DUFFY
Is also prepared to show all the newest designs in Cloth Capes and Mantles, Lace Goods, Jackets for Boating and Traveling in great variety, which are now being sold at and under cost for the coming month. Those looking for Dresses will do well to see our list of prices, which for style, fit and finish are second to none.
112 YONGE STREET, West Side
Two doors south of Adelaide.

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Are the alterations at GEORGE McPHERSON'S, but we're getting there even if we do say it ourselves
Kennedy's Shoes Again in the Slaughter
GEORGE McPHERSON, 186 Yonge St.

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Corset & Dress Reform Co.
316 Yonge St.
Artistic Hygienic Corsets and Dress Reform Waists Made to Order for Ladies Misses and Children
The American Corset and Dress Reform Co., having secured the exclusive agency for
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Why Go Bald
When you can procure such pretty
Wigs, Bangs, Water Curled and Wavy Fronts
or other suitable coverings.
DORENWEND
has the largest and most select stock to choose from in Canada, at prices to suit the times.
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Paris Hair Works, 105 Yonge Street

In The Days of the Mutiny:

A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER IX.

Dr. Wade was sitting in the veranda, smoking and reading an English paper that had arrived by that morning's mail, when Isobel returned.

"Good morning, doctor. Is uncle back!"

"Not yet. He told me he might be half an hour late and that I was to come round and amuse you until he came back."

"So in my absence you have been amusing yourself, doctor. I have been round at Mrs. Hunter's; she is going to have a juggler there this evening, and we are all to go."

"Yes, I got a chit from her this morning. I have seen scores of them, but I make a point of never missing an exhibition when I get the chance. I hate anything I don't understand, and I go with the faint hope of being able to find things out, though I know perfectly well that I shall not do so."

"Then you think it is not all quite natural, doctor!"

"I don't say it is not natural, because we don't know what all the natural laws are, but I say that some of the things I have seen certainly are not to be accounted for by anything we do know. It is not often that the jugglers show their tricks to the whites, they know that, as a rule, we are altogether sceptical, but I have seen at native courts more than once the most astounding things; things absolutely incomprehensible and inexplicable. I don't suppose we are going to see anything of that sort to-night, though Mrs. Hunter said in her note that they had heard that a native servant that this man was a famous one.

"There is a sect of people in India—I don't mean a caste, but a sort of secret society—who, I believe, claim to be able by some sort of influence to suspend altogether the laws of nature. I do not say that I believe them; as a scientific man, it is my duty not to believe them, but I have seen such things done by some of the higher class of jugglers, and that under circumstances which I did not seem to admit of the possibility of deception, that I am obliged to suspend my judgment, which, as you may imagine, my dear, is exceedingly annoying to me; but would you be prepared to a considerable extent what the Scotch call second sight, that is to say, the power of foreseeing certain events in the future. Of that I am morally certain; I have seen proofs of it over and over again.

"For example, once an old fakir whom I had cured of a badly ulcerated limb, came up just as I was starting on a shooting expedition.

"'Do not go out to-day,' he said. 'I foresee evil to you. I saw you last night brought back badly wounded.'

"'But if I don't go your dream will come true,' I said.

He shook his head.

"'You will go in spite of what I say,' he said, 'and you will suffer and other will suffer, and he looked at a group of shikaris who were standing together, ready to make a start.

"'How many men are there?' he said.

"'Why, six of course,' I said.

"'I see only three,' he said, 'and three dull spots. One of those I see is holding his matchlock on his shoulder, another is examining his priming, the third is sitting down by the fire. Those three will come back at the end of the day, the other three will not return with you.'

"I felt rather uncomfortable, but I wasn't as I said to myself—I was a good deal younger then, my dear—such a fool as to be deterred from what promised to be a good day's sport by such nonsense as this— and I went.

"We were going after a rogue elephant that had been doing a lot of damage among the natives' plantations. We found him, and a savage brute he turned out to be. He moved just as I fired, and though I hit him in the side on the fatal spot, and he charged right down among us. He caught the very three men the fakir said were doomed and dashed the life out of them; then he came on at us again, I had run off with my second gun, and he seized me and flung me up in the air.

"I fell in a tree, but broke three of my ribs and one of my arms; fortunately, though the beast tried to get at me, I was out of his reach, and the tree was too strong for him to knock down. Then another man who was wish me came up and killed him, and they got me down and carried me back, and I was weeks before I was about again. That was something more than a coincidence I think. There were some twenty men out with us, and just the four he had pointed out were hurt and no others.

"I have seen scores of other cases in which these predictions have come true, especially in cases of disease; though I admit that here the predictions often bring about their own fulfilment. If a native is told by a fakir or holy man that he is going to die, he makes no struggle to live. In several cases I have seen natives whose deaths have been predicted die without, as far as my science could tell me, any disease or ailment whatever that should have been fatal to them. They simply sank—died I should say from pure fright. But putting aside this class, I have seen enough to convince me that some at least among these fanatics do possess the power of second sight.

"That is very extraordinary, doctor; of course, I have heard of second sight among certain old people in Scotland, but I did not believe in it.

"I should not have believed in it if I had not seen the same thing here in India. I naturally have been interested in it and have read pretty well everything that has been written about second sight among the Highlanders, and some of the incidents are so well authenticated that I scarcely see how they can be denied. Of course, there is no accounting for it, but it is possible that among what we may call primitive people there are certain intuitions or instincts, call them what you like, that have been lost by civilized people.

"The power of scent in a dog is something so vastly beyond anything we can even imagine possible, though we put it down to instinct it is really almost inexplicable. Take the case that dogs have been known to be taken by railway journey of many hundred miles and to have found their way home again on foot. There is clearly the possession of a power which is to us absolutely unattainable.

"But here comes your uncle; he will think I have been preaching a sermon to you if you look so grave."

But Major Hannay was too occupied with his own thoughts to notice Isobel.

"Has anything gone wrong, major?" the doctor asked as he saw his face.

"I have just learnt," the major said, "that some more chupatties were brought last night. It is most annoying. I have cautioned several of the native officers and they profess to have no idea whence they came or what is the meaning of them. I wish we could get to the bottom of this thing, it keeps the troops in a ferment. If I could get hold of one of these messengers I would get out of him all he knew, even if I had to roast him to make him tell."

"My dear uncle," Isobel said reprovingly, "I am sure you don't mean what you say."

"Don't know," he said, half laughing, "I should certainly consider myself perfectly justified in taking uncommonly strong steps to try to get to the bottom of this business. The thing is going on all over India and it must mean something, and it is all the worse if taken in connection with this absurd idea about the greased cartridges. I grant that it was an act of folly greasing them at all, when we know the idiotic prejudices the natives have, still it could hardly have been foreseen that this stir would have been made. The issue of the cartridges has been stopped, but when the natives once get an idea into their minds it is next to impossible to disabuse them of it. It is a tiresome business altogether."

"Tiffin ready, sahib," Rumzan interrupted, coming out on to the veranda.

"That is right, Rumzan. Now, Isobel, let us think of more pleasant subjects."

"We are to go into the Hunters' this evening, uncle," Isobel said, as she sat down. "There is going to be a juggler there. There is a note for you from Mrs. Hunter on the mantel."

"Very well, my dear; some of these fellows are well worth seeing. I think we had better go to dinner. I saw him as he was starting this morning, just as he was going down to the lines, and he accepted. He said he should be able to get back in time. However, I don't suppose he will mind going round with us. I hope you will, doctor, to make up the table. I have asked the two boys to come in."

"I shall have to become a permanent boarder at your establishment, major. It is really useless my keeping a cook when I am in here nearly half my time. But I will come. I am off for three days to-morrow. A villager came in this morning to tell me he was afraid to shot them of a tiger that has established himself in their neighborhood, and that is an invitation that I never can resist. I can possibly manage to make time for it. Fortunately, everyone is so healthy here at present that I can be very well spared."

At dinner the subject of juggling came up again, and the two subalterns expressed their opinion strongly that it was all humbug.

"Dr. Wade believes in it, Mr. Wilson," Isobel said.

"You don't say so, doctor; I should have thought you were the last sort of man who would have believed in conjurers."

"It requires a wise man to believe, Wilson," the doctor said; "it is the fool who is for ever man questions. When you have been here as long as I have, and if you ever get as much sense as I have, which is doubtful, you may be less positive in your ideas, if you can call them ideas."

"That is one for me," Wilson said, good-humoredly, the others laughed with him.

"Well, I have never seen them, doctor, except those fellows who come round to the verandas, and I have seen conjurers at home do ever so much better tricks than they do."

"What do you think of them, Mr. Bathurst?" Isobel asked. "I suppose you have seen some of the better sort?"

"I do not know what to think of them, Miss Hannay. I used to be rather of Wilson's opinion, but I have seen things since that I could not account for at all. There was a man here two or three months back who astounded me."

"Mrs. Hunter said that the girls had had no opportunity of seeing a good conjurer since they came out, Mr. Bathurst. I suppose they did not know this man you are speaking of being here!"

"He was only here for a few hours, Miss Hannay. I was at Futtehpore when he went in, and he gave me a private performance, which was quite different to anything I have ever seen, though I had seen many tricks that he had performed. I was so impressed with them that I can assure you that for a few days I had great difficulty in keeping my mind upon my work."

"What did he do, Mr. Bathurst!"

Bathurst related the feats of the disappearing girl.

"She must have jumped down when you were not looking," Richards said, with an air of conviction.

"Possibly," Bathurst replied quietly. "But as I was within three or four yards of the pole, and it was perfectly distinct in the light of my lamp, and I certainly saw her lift her feet some thirty or forty feet up in the air, I don't see how she can have managed it. For even supposing she could have stepped down that distance without being hurt, she would not have come down so noiselessly that I should not have heard her."

"Still, if she did not come down that way how could she have come!" Wilson said.

"That is exactly what I can't make out," Bathurst said. "If it should happen to be the same man, and he will do the same thing again, I fancy you will be as much puzzled as I was."

After dinner was over the party walked across to Mr. Hunter's bungalow, where, in a short time, the other officers, their wives, and all the other residents at the station, were assembled. Chairs were placed in the veranda for the ladies, and a number of lamps hung on the wall, so that a strong light was thrown upon the ground in front of it; in addition, four posts had been driven into the ground some twenty feet from the veranda, and lamps had been fastened upon them.

"I don't know whether the juggler will like that," Mr. Hunter said, "and I sha'n't light them if he objects. I don't think myself it is quite fair having a light behind him; still, if he agrees, it will be hardly possible for him to make the slightest movement without being seen."

The juggler, who was sitting round at the other side of the house, was now called up; he and the girl who followed him salaamed deeply, and made an even deeper bow to Bathurst, who was standing at Isobel's chair.

"I hope you have paid them well, Bathurst," Major Hannay said. "They have evidently a lively remembrance of past favors. I suppose they see the same you were talking about."

"Yes, they are the same people, major." Then he said, in the native dialect to the juggler: "Mr. Hunter has put some posts in the lamps behind you, Bujlu, but he has lit them because he did not know whether you would object."

"They can be lighted, sahib. My feats do not depend on darkness. Any of the sahibs who like to stand behind us can do so if they do not come within the line of those posts."

"Let us go out there," Wilson said to Richards when the answer was translated; "we will light the lamps; and we shall see better than we shall there."

The two went round to the other side and lit the lamps, and the servants stood a short distance off on either side.

The first trick shown was the well known mango tree. The juggler placed a seed in the ground, poured water upon it from a lota, and covered it with a cloth. In two or three minutes he lifted this, and a plant four or five inches high was seen. He covered this with a cloth, which he first handed round for inspection. On removing this a mango tree some three feet high, in full bloom, was seen. It was as quickly covered, and when the basket was removed it was seen to be covered with ripe fruit, eliciting exclamations of astonishment from those among the spectators who had not before seen the trick performed.

"Now, Wilson," the doctor said, "perhaps you will be kind enough to explain to us all how he did that trick."

"I have no more idea than Adam, doctor."

"Then we will leave it to Richards. He promised us at dinner to keep his eyes well open."

Richards made no reply.

"How was it done, Mr. Bathurst? It seems almost like a miracle."

"I am as ignorant as Wilson is, Miss Hannay. I can't account for it in any way, and I have seen it done a score of times. Ah! now he is going to do the basket trick. Don't be alarmed when you hear the girl cry out. You may be quite sure that she is not hurt. The father is deeply attached to her, and would not hurt a hair of her head."

Again the usual methods were adopted. The basket was placed on the ground and the girl stepped into it, without the pretense of fear usually exhibited by the performers.

Before the trick began, Major Hannay said to Captain Doolan: "Come round with me to the side of those boys. I know the first time I saw it done I was nearly throwing myself on the juggler, and Wilson is a hot-headed boy, and is likely as not to do so. If he did the man would probably go off in a huff and show us nothing more. From what Bathurst said we are likely to see something unusual."

As soon as the lid was put down, an apparently angry colloquy took place between the juggler and the girl inside. Presently the man appeared to become enraged, and snatching up a long, straight sword from the ground, ran it three or four times through the basket. A loud shriek followed the first thrust, and then all was silent.

Some of the ladies rose to their feet with a cry of horror, Isobel among them. Wilson and Richards both started to rush forward but were arrested by the collars by the major and Captain Doolan.

"Will you open the basket?" the juggler said quietly to Mrs. Hunter. As she had seen the trick before she stepped forward without hesitation, opened the lid of the basket, and said, "It is empty." The juggler took it and held it up, bottom upwards.

"What on earth has become of the girl!" Wilson exclaimed.

As he spoke she passed between him and Richards back to her father's side.

"Well, I am dashed," Wilson murmured. "I don't know that I believe it if fifty people had sworn to me they had seen it." He was too much confounded even to reply when the doctor sarcastically said:

"We are waiting for your explanation, gentlemen."

"Will you ask him, major," Richards said, as he drew his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, "to make sure that she is solid?"

The major translated the request, and the girl came down the centre and stood before her with evident doubt as to whether she was really flesh and blood.

There was much curiosity among those who had seen the jugglers before as to what would be the next feat, for generally those just seen were the closing ones of a performance, but as the doctor said they had stated that those to follow must be extraordinary indeed.

The next feat was the one shown to Bathurst and we performed exactly as on that occasion except that as the girl rose beyond the circle of light she remained distinctly visible, a sort of phosphoric light playing around her. The girl came to the veranda at last and the juggler warning them not to approach within six feet of the pole.

Higher and higher the girl went until those below judged her to be at least a hundred and fifty feet from the ground. Then the light died out and she disappeared from their sight. There was silence for a minute or two, and then the end of the pole could be seen descending without her. Another minute and it was noticed to be length it had been at starting.

The spectators were silent now, the whole thing was so strange and mysterious that they had no words to express their feeling.

The juggler said something which Mr. Hunter translated to be a request for all to resume their places.

"That is a wonderful trick," the doctor said to Bathurst. "I have never seen it done that way before, but I once saw a juggler throw up a rope from the air, how high it went I don't know, for, like this, it was done at night, but it stood up perfectly stiff and the juggler's assistant climbed up it. It went a little higher and we could hear his voice coming down to us. At last it stopped and then suddenly the rope fell in coils on the ground and the boy walked quietly in just as that girl has done now."

The girl now placed herself in the center of the open space.

"You will please not to speak while this trick is being performed," the juggler said; "it may frightend come of it. Watch the ground near her feet."

A minute later a dark object made its appearance from the ground. It rose higher and higher with an undulating movement.

"By Jove, it is a python," the doctor whispered in Bathurst's ear. A similar exclamation from several of the others showed that the juggler waved his hand with an authoritative hush. The snake rose until its head towered above that of the girl, and then began to twine itself round her, continuously rising from the ground until it envelop-d her with five coils each thicker than a man's arm. It raised its head above hers and hissed loudly and angrily; then its tail began to descend, gradually the coils unwound themselves—lower and lower it descended until it disappeared altogether. It was some time before anyone spoke, so great was the feeling of wonder. The doctor was the first to break the silence.

"I have never seen that before," he said, "though I have heard of it from a native Rajah."

"Would the sahibs like to see more?" the juggler asked.

The two Mise Hunters, Mrs. Rintoul and several of the others said "they had seen enough," but among the men there was a general wish to see another feat.

"I would not have missed this for anything," the doctor said. "It would be simple madness to throw away such a chance." The ladies therefore, with the exception of Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Doolan and Isobel, retired into the house.

"You must all go on one side now," the juggler said, "for it is only on one side what I am now going to do can be seen."

He then proceeded to light a fire of charcoal. When he had done this, he said, "The lights must now be extinguished and the curtains drawn, so that the light will not stream out from the house."

As soon as this was done he poured a powder over the fire, and by its faint light the cloud of white smoke could be seen.

"Now I will show you the past," he said. "Who speaks!"

There was silence, and then Dr. Wade said: "Show me the past."

A faint light stole up over the smoke, it grew brighter and brighter, and then a picture was clearly seen upon it.

It was the sea, a house standing by itself in a garden and separated from the water only by a road. Presently the figure of a girl appeared at the gate, and slipping out looked down the road as if waiting for someone. They could make out the details of her dress and see her features distinctly. A low exclamation broke from the doctor, then the picture gradually faded away.

"The future," the juggler said, and gradually an Indian scene appeared on the screen. It was a long, straight road, bordered by a jungle. A native was seen approaching; he paused in the foreground.

"That is you, doctor," Mr. Hunter exclaimed, "you are got up as a native, but it's you."

Almost at the same moment two figures came out from the jungle; they were also in native dress.

"You and Miss Hannay," the doctor said in a low tone to Bathurst. "I dressed Isobel up and dyed." But no one else detected the disguise, and the picture again faded away.

"That is enough, Bujlu," Bathurst said, for he felt Isobel lean back heavily against the hand which he held at the back of her chair, and felt sure that she had fainted.

"Draw back the curtains, someone. I fancy this has been too much for Miss Hannay."

The curtains were thrown back, and Mrs. Hunter running in, brought out a lamp. The doctor had already taken his place by Isobel's side.

"Yes, she has fainted," he said to Bathurst. "Carry her in her chair as she is so that she may be in the room when she comes to." This was done.

"Now, gentlemen," the doctor said, "you had better light the lamps again out here and leave the ladies and me to get Miss Hannay round."

When the lamps were lit it could be seen that the whole of the men were a good deal shaken by what they had seen.

"Well," Mr. Hunter said, "they told me he was a famous juggler, but that beat anything I have seen before. I have heard of such things frequently from natives, but it is very seldom that Europeans get a chance of seeing them."

"I don't want to see anything of the sort again," Major Hannay said; "it shakes one's notions of things altogether. Mrs. Hunter, that we shall want a strong peg all round to steady our nerves. I own that I feel as shaky as if I had taken to see a ghost on his way through a churchyard."

There was a general murmur of agreement, and the materials were quickly produced.

"Well, Wilson, what do you and Richards think of it?" the major went on after he had braced himself up with a strong glass of brandy and water. "I shouldn't imagine you both feel a little less sceptical than you did two hours ago."

"I don't know what Richards feels, major, but I know I feel like a fool. I am sorry, Bathurst, for what I said at dinner, but it really didn't seem to me to be possible when I saw the girl going up into the air and not coming down again. Well, after I have seen what I have seen this evening I won't disbelieve anything I hear in future about these natives."

"It was natural enough that you should be incredulous," Bathurst said. "I should have been just as incredulous as you were when I first came out, and I have been astonished now, though I have seen some good jugglers before. At this moment the doctor came out again.

"Miss Hannay is all right again now, major. I am not surprised at her fainting; old hand as I am at these matters, and I think that I have seen as much, or more juggling than any man in India, I felt very queer myself, specially at the snake business. As I said, I have seen that ascension trick before, but how it is done I have no more idea than a child. Those smoke scenes, too, are astonishing. Of course they were certainly no magic lantern here, the juggler was standing close to me, and the girl was sitting at his feet. I watched them both closely, and certainly they had no apparatus of any kind by which such views could be thrown on the smoke."

"You recognized the first scene, I suppose, doctor?" Bathurst asked.

"Perfectly. It took me back twenty-five years. It was a cottage near Sidmouth, and was correct in every minute detail. The figure was that of my father, and I recognized it years afterwards. Many a time have I seen her standing just like that as I went along the road to meet her from school, at which I was stopping; the very pattern of her dress, which I need hardly say has never been in my mind all these years, was worked in me.

"Had I been thinking of the scene at the time I could have accounted for it somehow, upon the theory that in some way or other the juggler was conscious of my thoughts and reflected it upon the smoke—how, I don't at all mean to say—but, undoubtedly, there exists a power of reading the power of thought-reading. It is a mysterious subject, and one of which we know absolutely nothing at present, but maybe in upwards of a hundred years mankind may have discovered many secrets of nature in that direction.

"But I certainly was not thinking of that scene when I spoke and said 'the past.' I had no doubt that he would show me something of the past, but certainly no particular incident passed through my mind before that picture appeared on the smoke.

"The other was almost as curious, doctor," Cap'ain Doolan said, "for it was certainly you masquerading as a native. I believe the other was Bathurst; it struck me so; and he seemed to be running off with some native girl. What on earth could that all mean?"

"It is no use puzzling ourselves about it," the doctor said. "It may or may not come true. I have no inclination to go about dressed out as a native at present, but there is no saying what I may come to. There is quite enough for us to wonder at in the other things. The mango and basket tricks I have seen a dozen times, and am no nearer now than I was at first to understanding them. That ascension trick beats me altogether, and that last something horribly uncanny about the snake."

"Do you think it was a real snake, doctor?"

"That I cannot tell you, Richards. Every movement was perfectly natural. I could see the working of the ribs as it wound itself round the girl and the quivering of its tongue as it raised its head to hiss at us. At other time I should be ready to take my affidavit that it was a python of an unusual size, but at the present moment I should not like to give a decided opinion about anything connected with the performance."

"I suppose it is no use asking the juggler any questions, Hunter?" one of the other men said.

"Not in the least; they never do answer questions. The higher class of them have their art as a sort of religious mystery, and there is no instance known of their opening their lips on anything large, and I have frequently been offered them. In the present case you will certainly ask no questions, for the man and girl have both disappeared with the box of apparatus as soon as we turned our backs on them. They must have slipped off directly the last trick was over, and before we had the lamps lighted. I sent after him at once, but the servant could find no signs of him. I am annoyed because I have not paid them."

"I am not surprised at that," Dr. Wade said. "It is quite in accordance with what I have heard of them. They live by exhibiting what you call their ordinary tricks; but I have heard from native natives that when they show any wnat I may call supernatural feats, they do not take money. It is done to oblige some powerful Rajah, and, as I have said, it is only on a very few occasions that Europeans have ever seen them. Well, we may as well go in to the ladies. I don't fancy any of them would be inclined to come out on to the veranda again this evening."

No one was indeed inclined even for talk, and in a very short time the party broke up and returned home.

"Come and smoke a pipe with me, Bathurst, before you turn in," the doctor said, as they went out. "I don't think either of us will be likely to go to sleep for some time. What is your impression of all this?"

"My impression certainly is that it is entirely unaccountable by any laws with which we are acquainted, doctor."

"That is just my idea, and always has been since I first saw a very really good juggling out here. I don't believe in the least in anything supernatural, but I can quite believe that there are many natural laws of which at present we are entirely ignorant. I believe the knowledge of them at one time existed, but has been entirely lost, at any rate among Western people. The belief in magic is as old as anything we have knowledge of. The magicians at the Court of Pharaoh threw down their rods, and turned them into serpents. The Witch of Endor called up the spirit of Samuel. The Greeks, by no means a nation of fools, believed implicitly in the oracles. Coming down to comparatively later times the workers of magic burnt their books before St. Paul. It doesn't say, mind you, that those who pretended to work magic did so; but those who worked magic.

"Early travelers in Persia and India have reported things they saw far surpassing any we have witnessed this evening, and there is certainly a sect in India at present or rather a party of men, and those, as far as I have been able to learn, of an exceptionally intelligent class, who believe that they possess an almost absolute mastery over the powers of nature. You see, fifty years ago people had talked about travelling at fifty miles an hour, or sending a message five thousand miles in a minute, they would have been regarded as a madman. There may yet be other discoveries as startling to be made.

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selves Spiritualists, some of whom—notably a young man named Home—claimed to have the power of raising themselves through the air. I am far from saying that such a power exists; it is of course contrary to what we know of the laws of nature, but should such a power exist, it would account for the disappearance of the girl from the top of the pole. Highland second sight, carried somewhat farther and united with the power of conveying the impressions to others, would account for the pictures on the smoke, that is supposing them to be true, and personally I own that I expect they will prove to be true—unlikely as it may seem that you, I, and Miss Hannay will ever be going about in native attire."

By this time they had reached the doctor's bungalow and had comfortably seated themselves.

"There is one thing that flashed across me this evening," Bathurst said. "I told you that first evening I met Miss Hannay that I had a distinct knowledge of her face. You laughed at me at the time, and it certainly seemed absurd, but I was convinced I was not wrong. Now I know how it was; I told you at dinner to-day about the fest of the girl going up and not coming down again; but I did not tell you—for you can understand it is a thing that I should not care to talk much about—that she showed me a picture like those we saw to-night.

"It was a house standing in a courtyard with a high wall round it. I did not particularly observe the house. It was of the ordinary native type, and might, for anything I know, be the house used as a court by Hunter and for keeping stores, and so on, in the middle of this station. I don't say it was that; I did not notice it much. There was a breach in the outside wall, and round it there was a fierce fight going on. A party of officers and civilians were repelling the assault of a body of Sepoys. On the terraced roof of the house others were standing firing and looking on, and I think engaged in loading rifles were two or three women. One of them I recognized instantly, and now I recall it her face was that of Miss Hannay, of that I am absolutely certain."

"It is curious, lad," the doctor said after a pause, "and the picture you see has so far come true, that you have made the acquaintance with one of the actors whom you did not previously know."

"I did not believe in the truth of it, doctor, and I do not believe in it now. There was one feature in the fight which was, as I regret to know, impossible."

"And what was that, Bathurst?"

Bathurst was silent for a minute.

"You are an old friend, doctor, and you will understand my case and make more allowances for it than most people would. When I first came out here I dare say you heard some sort of reports as to why I had left the army and had afterwards entered the Civil Service."

"There were stupid rumors," the doctor said, "that you had gone home on sick leave just after the battle of Chillianwalla and had then sold out, because you had shown the white feather. I need not say that I did not give any credit to it, there is always gossip flying about as to the reasons a man leaves the army."

"It was quite true, doctor. It is a hideous thing to say, but constitutionally I am a coward."

"I cannot believe it," the doctor said warmly. "Now that I know you, you are the last man of whom I would credit such a thing."

"It is the bane of my life," Bathurst went on. "It is my misfortune, for I will not allow it is my fault. In many things I am not a coward. I think I could face a danger if the danger were a silent one, but I cannot stand noise. The report of a gun makes me tremble all over, even when it is a blank cartridge that is fired. When I was born, my father was in India. A short time before I came into the world, my mother had a great fright. Her house, in the country, was broken into by burglars, who entered the room and threatened to blow out her brains if she moved, but the alarm was given, the men servants came down, and there was a struggle in her room, pistol shots were fired and the burglars were overpowered and captured. My mother fainted and was ill for weeks afterwards, in fact until the time I was born, and she died a few days later, never having, the doctor said, recovered from the shock she had suffered that night.

"I grew up a weakly, timid boy, the sort of boy that is always bullied at school. My father, as you know, was a general officer, and did not return home until I was ten years old. He was naturally much disappointed in me, and I think that added to my timidity, for it grew upon me rather than otherwise. Morally, I was not a coward. At school I can say that I never told a lie to avoid punishment, and my readiness to speak the truth did not add to my popularity among the other boys, and I used to be called a sneak, which was even more hateful than being called a coward.

"As I grew up I shook off my delicacy, and grew, as you see, into a strong man. I then fought several battles at school; I learnt to ride, and came to have confidence in myself, and though I had no particular fancy for the army, my father's heart was so set on it that I offered no objections. That the sound of a gun was abhorrent to me I knew, for the first time my father put a gun in my hand and I fired it. I fainted, and nothing would persuade him to try again. Still I thought that this was the result of nervousness as to firing it myself, and that I should get over it in time.

"A month or two after I was gazetted, I went out to India with the regiment, and arrived just in time to get up by forced marches to take part in the battle of Chillianwalla. The consequence was that up to that time I literally had heard no musketry practice.

"Of the events of that battle I have no remembrance whatever; from the moment the first gun was fired to the end of the day, I was as one paralyzed. I saw nothing, I heard nothing, I moved mechanically, but happily my will or my instinct kept me in my place in the regiment. When all was over, and silence followed the din, I fell to the ground insensible. Happily for me the doctors declared I was in a state of high fever, and so I remained for a fortnight. As soon as I got better I was sent down the country, and I at once sent in my papers, and went home. No doubt the affair was talked of, and there were whispers as to the real cause of my illness. My father was terribly angry when I returned home and told him the truth of the matter. That his son should be a coward was naturally an awful blow to him. Home was too unhappy to be endured, and when an uncle of mine, who was a director on the Company's board, offered me a berth in the Civil Service, I thankfully accepted it believing that in that capacity I need never hear a gun fired again.

"You will understand then the anxiety I am feeling owing to these rumors of disaffection among the Sepoys, and the possibility of anything like a general mutiny.

"It is not of being killed that I have any fear; upon the contrary, I have suffered so much in the last eight years from the consciousness that the reason why I left the army was widely known, that I should welcome death if it came to me noiselessly, but the thought that if there is trouble I shall assuredly not be able to play my part like a man, fills me with absolute horror, and now more than ever.

"So you will understand now why the picture I saw, in which I was fighting in the middle of the Sepoys, is to me not only improbable, but simply impossible. It is a horrible story to have to tell. This is the first time I have opened my lips on the subject since I spoke to my father, but I know that you, both as a friend and a doctor, will pity rather than blame me."

(To be Continued.)

A Fashionable Drink.

Menier Chocolate is a fashionable drink. Did you ever try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to O. Alfred Chouillou, Montreal.

His Very Life.

"I'd give my very life for her!" The speaker was a man of tall, commanding figure. His features were too prominent and irregular to be handsome, but his countenance and bearing betokened strength and will power. "To do or to die," one would fancy was his motto, be the cause for good or evil.

He stood in a large, beautiful park that surrounded the spacious mansion which he called home, and gazed unobserved on the white-draped form of a woman, who was half sitting, half reclining, on a rustic seat in the shade of a flowering tree. He drew himself still further into the shadow as a man approached her.

Robert Owens was a handsome fellow, graceful in all his movements; but there were haggard lines on his face, traced there either by illness or dissipation. He threw himself on the grass before his wife, and picking the leaves from a rose, blew them into the air.

"Blanche, how would you like to live here always?" he asked.

"That would depend," she answered.

"Yes, upon who owned the place, I suppose. Cousin Ralph is a good fellow to treat us so well. I never gave him credit for so much generosity when we were boys at school. A man is generally down on his poor kin, and it is scarcely human nature for him to like his heir-at-law."

"Mr. Romaine is not like other men," said Mrs. Owens. "He has certainly been very kind to us."

"Let's see—how long have we been here?" Robert continued.

"About three months."

"Three months! And I have no more idea of where we are to go, or what we are to do, than I had before we came."

"You ought to be willing to do anything that is honorable," she said.

"Yes, I ought; but unfortunately when a man is born a gentleman, he can't accustom himself to hard work and poverty."

"I think a gentleman should be as brave in the struggle of life as any man."

"I suppose he should, on the same principle that the statesman lifted his hat to the negro, because he wouldn't be outdone in politeness; but I can't bear the pressure. Sometimes, Blanche, I think I am not worthy of you. You are stronger and better than I. They say honest confession is good for the soul, you know."

She looked at him affectionately. Blanche had married her husband for love, and so far had not been cured of her sweet folly.

"I don't like to hear you talk in this fashion, Robert. You might be all you desire, if you would only try."

"I'm afraid it isn't in me. I have often thought that I didn't fill the bill of your nature's requirements; but you are so good and noble that you may not admit this even to yourself."

"I'm surprised at your humility to-day," she laughed. "You have certainly penetrated deeper into the mysteries of my nature than I have, for I am not conscious of any mental void that you do not fill; and remember, dearest, you are my husband," she continued, leaning forward and placing one white hand on his dark hair.

"Well, Blanche," he said, imprisoning the little hand, "we'll not become sentimental and melancholy over it, but I'm afraid there is too much truth in my confession."

"There comes Mr. Romaine," she exclaimed, as the person first introduced came into view.

"You are just in time, Ralph. We were confessing our faults, and were on the point of tears," said Robert Owens, in his light way.

"You mean I am too late, and have missed the confessional. Was there anything serious?"

"Well, yes. I have been telling Blanche that she is too good for me."

"Oh, everyone knows that, Bob!" said Romaine jestingly.

"There, Blanche! Did I not tell you so? And yet—"

"Enough, enough!" his wife exclaimed, laughing and putting her hand over his mouth.

"I always thought Dame Fortune more blind than just. She certainly doesn't always deal fairly," said Romaine.

"She has been very good to me in some ways and very bad in others," remarked Owens, as he escaped from the retarding hand of his wife and strolled away.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Blanche," Mr. Romaine said. "My housekeeper is disposed, and I have given her leave of absence. Her niece will supply her place. Will you oversee her a little?"

Blanche assented, and looked at him gratefully. She understood the delicacy which prompted this request. He wished her to feel that she was needed in the house to which she had come only as a guest.

So the weeks went by, and still Mr. and Mrs. Owens remained at Romaine Park. Robert was a brilliant talker, and basking in the sunshine of the hour, made a delightful companion; while Blanche flitted about the house, helped to entertain the guests, and for the time was mistress of the premises.

She was a very graceful hostess, one whom none could help admiring, presiding with that natural ease which can never be acquired; and if she were not perfectly happy it was not because she felt unwelcome, for Romaine left nothing undone that might contribute to the pleasure of his guests; but he did it all in such an unobtrusive way that there was no burden in his hospitality.

Dinner was over. The moon threw such a brilliant light into the drawing-room that the gas had not been lit. The air was fragrant with the breath of a creeping rose that wound itself around the pillar of the piazza.

Robert Owens, half asleep, was reclining on a divan. His wife rested her bare white arms on the window sill, enjoying the view and the moonlight.

"I caught some words of a song you were humming to-day. I wish you would sing it," said Romaine, advancing and leaning against the window near her, he in the shadow, she outlined like a white-robed saint in the moonlight.

"It was only a little thing of my own," she quoted laughingly. "You know I make verses and put them to tunes I like."

"Yes, I am aware that you do a great many things few other women do.

"Am I so remarkable?" she asked lightly.

"Yes—in many ways," he said, in a dull, constrained voice. "The song was about parting, I think," he added in a more natural tone.

"Yes, I'll sing it here. I'm too lazy to move, and I don't want the noise of the piano."

Her voice was a soft, sweet soprano. Her listener stood motionless as she sang:

"A river rolls between us,
A river too deep to cross;
We stand and look and listen,
And murmur at our loss.

"And we can ne'er be nearer;
This river so wild and wide
Would wreck the stoutest vessel
Man's weak hands could provide.

"But in the dim hereafter,
In higher course above,
Shall we e'er then be parted?
Shall we then dare to love?"

The last words died away on the air and they were both silent for a little time.

"I wrote the song when I was but a child; I don't know what made me recall it to-day," she explained.

But she received no answer; Romaine had walked away without a word of thanks.

It had been a very warm day, almost suffocating; but at dusk a slight breeze arose.

"A lovely night for a row, Romaine," said Owens, lounging against a pillar of the veranda.

"All right, Robert, we'll go."

"Blanche," called her husband, "we're off for a row. Bring your guitar."

"In a moment," she answered.

It was a lovely night. One for poet's dreams and lovers; a night when the higher spiritual part of human nature rises above its earthly environments; when our ideal eyes can almost pierce beyond the blue to the mysteries it veils.

The water was smooth as glass; the moon shone like silver; the boat glided on with scarcely little effort on the oarsmen. Blanche began to sing, for no one seemed disposed to talk. From one ballad to another she passed, the men listening in silence. But what was the matter with the night? They were suddenly plunged in darkness. A cloud had obscured the moon.

"We are going to have rough weather. Let us start for the shore," said Romaine.

"See how fast the cloud travels, and how the waves roll!" exclaimed Owens in some astonishment.

Romaine was already giving his strength to the oars; Blanche sat apparently as calm as though she were safe at Romaine Park. She was not naturally a nervous woman, and the beauty of the night had perhaps inspired her soul with a little of its sublimity.

Suddenly the storm burst upon them; the waves rose high, and threatened the boat about like an egg shell. They could not see each other's faces; they were saturated with rain and spray.

"I'm afraid we're lost," shouted Owens, above the roar of the tempest.

"Hold fast and we're all right," shouted back Romaine; but never a word spoke Blanche.

A blaze of lightning showed them that they were near the shore. The boat began to whirl around.

"Courage, Owens, courage!" cried Romaine; and while he said it they were in the water.

As the boat turned Blanche did not know who clasped her close and called out:

"Don't pull me down!"

A wave rolled over them and the next moment she was on solid ground.

"Are you alive, Blanche?" said Romaine as he pressed his cheek to her; it to see if she breathed. "Yes, yes, God be thanked! Oh, my pure white rose, I could not have lived without you!"

The color crept into Blanche's face, and she tried, though vainly, to free herself from his arms.

"Robert!" she cried. "Where is Robert! He cannot swim!"

A blaze of lightning revealed a white face on the bosom of a wave near by.

"He will be drowned! He is lost!" Blanche cried, and with a heart-rending cry she became again unconscious. Romaine had not released her, as she would have fallen to the ground.

He held the woman he loved in his arms, and for one wild, brief moment was happy. There, amid the raging storm, with death behind him and death perhaps before, he was in bliss.

There was nothing between them now—not even her own consciousness—nothing but that white face and the water. A great temptation assailed him. Owens could not swim; he might be dead even then, or beyond all human help. It was folly to risk his life on such a chance. Like a flash these thoughts came to Romaine; those few seconds as many hours; cold drops of perspiration mingled with the rain drops on his face. Then with a sudden, almost rough, movement, he laid down his helpless burden and threw himself once more into the dark waters.

When Blanche recovered consciousness the moon was shining out between the breaking clouds, and her husband was bending over her.

"Robert! Thank Heaven!" she murmured.

She staggered to her feet and looked searchingly around.

"Romaine—where is he?" she asked.

Robert took her tenderly in his arms.

"Blanche, try to bear what I must tell you," he solemnly said. "Our cousin has given his life for mine; the wave that brought me to your feet has sent him into eternity."

* * *

They laid Romaine in the family burial ground, sacred to the Romaines for generations past. It was close to the park, and almost every summer day Blanche visited his grave and left flowers there.

Robert Owens inherited Romaine's fortune as he was next of kin. The death of his noble cousin made a deep impression on him. He throw off his lassitude and became a busy and efficient master of Romaine Park, endeavoring himself to his tenants and winning the respect of his neighbors.

Blanche presided over the house with the same grace as of old, ever calm, cheerful, and considerate of others; but there was a touch of sadness on her face, a look of gentle sorrow that seldom left it.

"Why do you always wear white roses?" her friends often asked her.

"They are my favorite flower," she would answer, never revealing to strange ears the sacredness of their association.—*Florence S. Craig in Waverley Magazine.*

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No Extra Charge.

Mr. Wiredge—In olden times barbers used to pull teeth, and they preserve some of the methods yet.

Reminiscent of Hermann.

Francello Angello (magician)—Presto, change! You see, I take a watch from this gentleman's mouth. Thanks.
Mr. Hayseed—! ! ! ! !

Mr. Hayseed (ten minutes later)—Say, young feller, hurry up an' give me somethin' to make me sick. I'm full o' gold watches an' I want tew git at 'em

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REFERENCES: Rev. T. DeWITT TALMAGE, D. D., and all Commercial Agencies.

Poultry.

Rev. T. S. Brooke, pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Clarksburg, W.Va., U. S. A., says: "I saturated a piece of yeast bread, the size of the end of your thumb, with St. Jacobs Oil, and forced it down the throat of a chicken that was in the last stages of the disease. I repeated the dose immediately, and in half an hour it was eating heartily. The next day I repeated the dose and again on the fourth day. In less than a week it was as well as ever. Finding that all my chickens were affected, I shut them in the henhouse, giving them nothing to eat until 2 p.m. I then mixed up some corn meal dough, and poured into it enough St. Jacobs Oil to make it smell strongly, and giving them nothing but plenty of fresh water, they soon ate it all. I then turned them out. This I repeated every alternate day for a week. I saw no trace of the cholera afterwards, but my flock was in the healthier and generally better condition than it had ever been." All raisers of poultry use it.

Too Cute.

She (on board the yacht)—What are they doing, Lieutenant Goldbraid?

He—They are weighing the anchor.

She—Oh, what a pretty idea! Could you mind asking how much it weighs? I am so interested in everything of a nautical nature.

What is it? What?

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Number Three.

I AM the only one left—Number Three.

Number One, Number Two and myself sprang into existence at the house of Farmer Peters, eight miles down the road, where we were made by his good wife Jane. The upper-ten intimate that our origin was from soap-grease tallow, but I vouchsafe to say we came from the best Canadian stock, and were made from the best of tallow; and our wicks were twisted by the plump, fair hands of the Peters' eldest daughter. I am at present doing duty in the spare bed-room of a little country inn. My fellows also did duty here, at least one of them did. Number One, poor fellow, had not been long with us when he ended his career by rolling off the shelf on which all three stood. From the very first he had ill health and used to wabble, owing to a disagreeable crack in his middle. I shall never forget the night he fell, splitting himself into numerous sections, and how the rats toted him off to different quarters of the wainscoting. Ugh! it makes me shudder. I can hear that gnaw, gnaw, crunch and squeak yet. But Number One had his revenge, for the rats had to hold a *post-mortem* on the one who ate the wick.

Number Two demised and went up in smoke from the candlestick which I now occupy. Poor fellow! He was doing duty to an artist, a wild-eyed, bushy-haired chap, who had come to these parts to sketch. I thought from the first he was rather demented, for he used to sit at the window, glare and mumble far into the night; he would sometimes light Number Two, then blow him out and mutter an oath at his smoky wick. One night he came into the room, lighted my friend, then drew a letter and a long thin-blinded stiletto from his pocket, and laid them on the table. He took a fine gold ring from the little finger of his left hand and crushed it under his heel; he would then read, then walk, while the light from Number Two danced and gleamed on the polished blade of the knife. Suddenly he stopped, his eyes shining like balls of molten fire from a dark corner in the room, when like a flash he rushed forward, and in a moment had driven the knife to its hilt into his breast; it grated against a bone as he drew it out; the warm blood spurted and fell chill to the floor; the light in his eyes grew dim, his arm straightened as if to make another thrust, the body swayed, his voice tried to pray—"Our Father," the blood gurgled the death rattle in his throat, the knife-point quivered on the floor, his arm dropped and then he fell, the body rocking from side to side with the fall.

Number Two flickered, sputtered and went up in smoke as incense to the dead. The thin, gray streak crossed the face of the moon as she came from behind a cloud and shone in on the clots of blood and a white, ringless hand. Then the clock struck one.

Such scenes as these have been my lot. Still I have the memory of one that will let me go out with some joy in my life. The spare room had just been cleaned up, and the dark stains on the floor covered with a new rag carpet, when who should occupy it but young Farmer Brown with the Peters' eldest daughter, now his wife, new made by the village parson. Well, then, my light crimsoned, vibrated with the breath of love, then went out, and with the memory of the spare room's last inmates I am happy.

CARL AHRENS.

Old Misfits.

HE always wore the same old suit, and strode along with the quiet dignity of one who had always moved in an atmosphere of gentility. No one knew who he was, or where he worked, or whether he worked at all or not. Twice each day did he pass the wide French window where pretty Neta Jackson sewed and studied, and that young lady was wont to remark to her lazy cousin Jack that he had a pathetic and wistful look in his face, as though he had seen better days and was now ashamed of his squalid appearance. His clothes were shabby and ill-fitting, and so they called him "Old Misfits," and by that cognomen he was known.

Perhaps it was the memory of a happy, girlish face that caused him to raise his sad brow to the window each day as he passed, and his step seemed firmer and his eyes brighter as he saw a sweet and pitying smile flit across the face behind the glass.

Perhaps his thoughts carried him back to an old home where the sunlight filtered through the boughs of the maples and danced along the orchard path, lighting up the gables of the old weather-beaten house and lingering with tender touch on the golden hair of his little sister.

Or perchance they were dreams of love; and the moonlight in his fancy crept up the garden walk and covered the old house with a yellow glory, softening the outlines of the lilac tree and then melting away in the distance like limpid waves on a mighty sea of misty beauty, while the blush on the cheek of her he loved grew more beautiful still as his glowing lips left their imprint.

One day a flower was left on the fence at the foot of the garden, and big cousin Jack silently handed it to the slight girlish figure at the window, saying, with a smile, that it would do no harm, and would please the lonely fellow.

*

A fire in the Jackson mansion, and reels and firemen dashed madly down the street. Black midnight is changed into lurid day by the eager flames, and the smoke rolls in volumes, up, up, till it seems to mingle with the clouds. The street is soon alive with people whose shouts arouse the inmates to a sense of their danger. Soon they are all saved apparently, but someone sees a white form at a window high above the others. There is a pitiful cry for help, barely heard above the roaring of the hungry flames. Someone dashes through the crowd and quickly climbs the ladder. He reaches the window and clasps the slender figure in his arms and quickly transfers it to the grasp of a brave fireman who has followed him, and at the same moment almost the window ledge gives way and precipitates the brave rescuer into space. Heavens, what a fall! Down, down, and the crowd parts in horror, while the exultant flames lick the window in fiendish glee, splintering the panes and lighting up the shapeless form on the earth below. Someone turned the figure over on its back, and the face was smiling still. It was Old Misfits.

BERT KELLY.

The Drama.

THE County Fair is well adapted to the momentary mood of the city and drew full houses during race week. It was a good stroke of Manager Sheppard to have this play, including its mimic horse race, here at a time when the city is crowded with people from far and near who are interested in the turf. On the evening of the 24th the house was so full that seats could not be secured by those who had neglected to reserve them before the doors opened, and hundreds either bought admission tickets and stood up or reserved seats for next evening and returned home. The play, of course, leads up to the great race for $3000, and closes with this exciting climax. Somehow the race seemed a little briefer than usual on this occasion, but to those who saw it for the first time it was fully as exciting as any of these taking place during the day at the Woodbine. There was this difference, however, that in the day events people had bets more or less large on the different horses, whereas in night everyone wanted to bet on Cold Molasses and could get no takers at any odds. There never was such a favorite on any track; it was as though the race was sold to that horse and everyone knew it. Josephine Crowell played Abagail Prue very well, but it seemed to me that Arthur V. Gibson had lately seen William Fairbanks play the Private Secretary and had caught a little too much of his flaky stare and dense look. It seemed overdone. Apart from the race, the most creditable feature of the play was the singing of the double quartette at the husking bee. The blending of voices in the imitation of the banjo was a rare treat and the singing was better than when the company was here last. Although encored by the entire house the dance was started, and those who wished to hear more singing were forced to content themselves with what had been served up to them.

*

A Social Session is on at the Academy this week, playing to fair houses. The opening Fantasia is one of the greatest mixtures of noise, music and frolic ever seen here, and that is saying much. It may not be high art according to the critics, but it is a great deal of something in a minute. This makes it a novelty, and the people in this country wake up in the night sobbing and crying for novelties. The play is not one requiring much description, and it would be an abuse of public patience to call the roll of the artists and say this one is good, and that one also. The dramatic season is practically over, and the mass of people are interested in other things than the stage. This week large audiences turned out, but the holiday accounts for that, and next week an ordinary play would not draw a paying crowd. I think the Academy must have had a very profitable season taken altogether. Many good companies have passed before the footlights of that house since last September, and while some were not up to high water mark, with little more or less true of every theater in every town, the average is creditable. Rumor, speaking through certain young men who make theater matters their special study and research, say that the Academy has already booked a large-sized list of strong attractions for next fall. The public would be delighted if a good-natured but spirited rivalry should crop up in this respect between the local managers.

*

A pretty good sample of the style of plays now very popular in this country is afforded in the announcement of a new play prepared for Willard and William Newell, twin brothers, who look as much alike as two peas. The play is to be a melodrama in which sensational use will be made of the resemblance between the twin stars. But this is not all. The modern appetite is rapacious. In the old days a pretty little comedy of errors could be enacted with two men identically alike in every particular running through-other and creating laughable confusion, but nowadays that is too tame. According to the announcement the play will make a "distinct bid on account of its spectacular features." Then it proceeds to enumerate: "It will have a realistic telegraph office scene, in which one of the exciting clews of the play is evolved; a startling wreck of a steamship, in which the most ingenious of stage mechanisms is called into play; and a scene of a railroad wreck, in which a locomotive plunges through a high trestle into a ravine. An abduction, a murder, a tropical island, an explosion, a rescue, a wedding, and a horseback ride against time will offer incidental excitements in the play." This is the modern play of the popular kind, and if realism and sensationalism count for anything it should sweep everything before it.

MACK.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is announced that John L. Sullivan will relinquish melodrama and next year get up a vaudeville company. Melodrama will scarcely languish at the loss.

G. O. Seilhemer, author of the History of the American Theater, announces the destruction of a great part of the edition of the third volume in the burning of the Philadelphia Times annex April 27, and of the entire edition of reproductions of early prints intended to illustrate it.

Madame Modjeska and her husband, Count Borgenta, have gone to their ranch in California. The spot is charming, and the actress regards it as an earthly paradise.

The other day at the coroner's inquest Business Manager Charles H. Yale of Philadelphia, in testifying as to the causes of the Central Theater fatal fire, remarked that he believed "if you put an audience into a forty-acre lot, and somebody yelled fire, a lot of people would get hurt."

Alba Heywood, an impersonator of the Sol Smith Russell order, has recently secured the MSS. of Edgewood Folks from Sol Smith Russell, and after remodeling the same will put it on next season under the title of New Edgewood Folks. Mr. Heywood has been successful in all respects.

At the end of the season Roland Reed will read a comedy, written subject to his approval by Milton Nobles. It is in four acts, is copyrighted under the title of For Revenue Only, and humorously satirizes modern political methods and campaign journalism. It is said also to have a dramatic story, touches of pathos and a wholesome moral groundwork. If not taken by Mr. Reed, the comedy will be added to Mr. Nobles' repertoire.

The stage manager of Palmer's company is agitating another scheme for the establishment of an independent theater, it being his intention to establish in New York a theater for the production of untried plays by American writers. It is said that many literary men are in favor of the project. The critic of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, says: "These literary men are actuated by the belief that the drama is one of the noblest forms of art, that it affords a field for the highest ability and the greatest genius in literature, and that the science of playwriting is not so arbitrarily exclusive as the traditions of the theater have made general writers to fear. The Independent Theater will, accordingly, open its doors to any and every writer who can write a play of any recognizable worth. Every manuscript submitted will be passed upon by a competent committee, and if it meets the reasonable requirements will be accepted for production. Any work so chosen for representation will be prepared for the stage with the most scrupulous care. The scenery and costumes for it will be the work of the most competent artists; the appointments will be equally accurate and suitable, and the actors will be the best for each part that the leading companies can afford. The excellence of cast is made possible by the hearty co-operation of the regular managers, the heads of the leading New York theaters having cordially pledged their support of an enterprise they are shrewd enough to see may prove of great advantage to them as seekers after available plays." It is the intention to have the theater run by subscribed stock and any deficiency that may be found to exist at the end of the financial year will be made up by the subscribers. No advertising will be done, which suggests a doubt as to whether the independent theater is really intended to foster and encourage native playwriting, or to effectually and finally put it to sleep. The subscribed stock will require to be large if no advertising is done.

'Varsity Chat.

THE annual examinations for the academic year, 1892, have ended, and once more some six hundred and fifty weary, footsore mortals have reached the goal (or missed it). The freshmen are sighing for the results which make them sophomores and lift off from their shoulders the reign of serfdom. Once clear of this blot, their minds will expand, until next autumn, when the most tyrannical masters and enthusiastic hustlers will, as usual, be found in the second year. So we change! To-day, worms of the earth! to-morrow, monarchs of everything in sight. The fourth year man will now begin to view the degree for which he has struggled so long, from a closer standpoint. Its magnificence is not so terrible as when he first styled himself a "'Varsity man," and perhaps if the truth were spoken (*entre nous* of course) Goldsmith's lines—

"Or, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from afar, yet as I follow flies,"

would not inappropriately express his introspection. But this is only a repetition of everyday mundane experience, and instructive moral object lessons could be deducted therefrom. The young graduate of '92 with "his blushing honors thick upon him" will soon enter the maelstrom of strife as a breadwinner, and after he has nibbled at big dogs' ears a few times, with usual results, will settle down into a good citizen.

*

The following are the prize and medal winners at the recent examinations at Victoria University, Cobourg: Faculty of Arts—The Prince of Wales gold medal, G. F. Rogers; the Edward Wilson gold medal in Classics, A. Allin; the E. J. Sanford gold medal in Philosophy, A. Allin; the Geo. A Cox gold medal in Natural Science, C. B. Keenleyside; the J. J. Maclaren gold medal in Moderns, F. D. Kerr; the Prince of Wales silver medal, E. R. Doxsee; the S. H. Janes silver medal in Classics, E. R. Doxsee; the S. H. Janes silver medal in Philosophy, H. S. Dougall; the S. H. Janes silver medal in Natural Science, J. J. Morgan and G. F. Rogers; the Wilson memorial prize (1st in Astronomy), G. E. Kennedy; the Clark prize (1st in Ethics), F. E. Fletcher; the Punshon prize and valedictory, C. B. Keenleyside; the Webster prize, Miss Henwood; the Hodgins prize, F. W. Hollinrake. Faculty of Theology—The Sanford gold medal, J. F. McLaughlin, B.A.; the Ryerson prize (1st in Scripture History), W. W. Leigh; the Wallbridge prize (1st in New Testament Greek), G. A. McIntosh; the G. A. Cox bursary, N. Brown; the John Macdonald bursary, J. H. McBain; the Ontario School of Oratory prize (1st in Scripture Reading), J. H. Aycarst; the Michael Fawcet prize for Oratory, E. C. Laker. Jackson Society Prizes—First in Elocution, G. A. McIntosh. Literary Association Prizes—First in Elocution, F. E. Fletcher; for the best college song, A. G. Hudson.

*

The final ceremonies in connection with "Old Vic" at Cobourg were carried out on Wednesday evening of last week, when many of the citizens turned out to take part in the conversazione. The following committee of the students looked after all the arrangements, which were complete in every detail: Chairman, F. D. Kerr, '92; Treasurer, E. W. Hayden, '93; Secretary, W. G. Sargeant, '94; A. G. Hudson '92, H. S. Dougall '92, Geo. H. Locke '93, E. M. Burwash '93, A. A. Shepard '94, S. S. Osterhout '94, J. W. Baird '95, W. U. Runnalls '95, E. C. Laker.

*

Athletics are now "in season" but so far have not been specially active. The future, however, is full of promise. Cricket will be nourished by the close care of the Torontos and the new crease laid on the lawn removes one of the greatest obstacles from the way of the willow waver. Football is being looked after by "Watty" Thompson, and to say that is sufficient guarantee of success in the American trip. The devotees of "three strikes" have gathered together an aggregation from which much is expected, and their tour is eagerly anticipated, while our own national game is to be represented by a twelve this year, and those who are *au fait* with matters of sport do not hesitate in their praise of the choice made. Already considerable canvassing is being done as to the personnel of the Rugby team for next fall, as with Ottawa College once more in the arena, he would be a bold spirit who would attempt to choose the champions of next fall.

*

Our baseball team put up a good game against the Detroiters on the 24th, in this city, but they were defeated by the outsiders.

JUNIOR.

New Spelling of Names.

THE following letter, written by a bad boy to his sister, who had shown the good taste to improve the spelling of her name, has been handed in for publication. The sister being confronted on all hands by names that bore evident marks of much modern improvement, followed the distinguished examples thus set her and changed Edith to Edythe, and made a similar alteration in the family name, but in consideration for her feelings this name is suppressed. There is a vigor in the boy that may turn to some account later on.

DEAR SISTER EDYTHE,—"I have been permitted to see the literary gem of your production, of which our respected mother was the recipient and must confess the surprise, delight and admiration with which I perused it, and beheld the originality, genius and pig-headedness (pardon me, I mean firmness) displayed in the masterpiece of orthography contained in the signature. It is power which in my wildest and most flowery flights, I never expected to see displayed by any member of our family; that of coining words and with a noble heroism standing alone against the world, in defence of the principle that a child's parents have no right to inflict upon it, when young and incapable of objection, a name which it, in after years, may dislike, detest and abhor.

The idea of forcing on any girl in the nineteenth century the name borne by some wretched Saxon queen in the eleventh century, and by several so-called "noble dames" since that time! True, she was a queen, but what were queens in those days, and particularly Saxon queens: better far be Indian, negro, or even Highland Scotch.

While choosing a name for yourself I am surprised at your inventing one so similar in some respects to the detestable cognomen which you have just discarded: why not get some beautiful poetic freak such as Minnehaha or Kickabaroo or Jean; but as for Edythe, you might almost as well call yourself Sarah Jane.

Continue my dear sister to display the same originality and genius and some day you will be a queen yourself, or perhaps even a queen elephant with seventeen legs and two trunks and live in a padded room in a large storehouse and have a large staff of attendants.

True, some people may call you a crank or perhaps a fool (and God forbid that we should presume to judge them) for some people were unreasonable enough to speak ill of Judas Iscariot for the little eccentricities which he displayed.

But whatever happens, or whoever finds fault or remonstrates, or whatever slurs they may cast upon you, pay no heed, be steadfast and resolute. "You know it all," yes verily. You may even raise a revolution in the matter of being named in childhood. I for one, casting off all absurd scruples and idiotic customs, choose the name of

NAPOLEON JOSEPHUS CÆSAR MACEABEUS ARCHIMEDES JULIUS PHYTHAGORAS JOHN.

When in Rome do as Romans do.

Stranger (first day in Bowery restaurant)—Bring me some roast pork with Worcestershire sauce, a cup of coffee without milk, and some mashed potatoes.

Waiter (to cook)—Have the pig dressed up in black, make the bootleg in the dark, and mash the murphy.

Waiter (to stranger, next day)—Wattillyerhaveterday?

Stranger (with vim)—Make the bootleg for the pig, fire off the cannons, mash Mr. Murphy's eye, and hit the waiter in the dark. (As the waiter collapses)—Why, what's the matter with that order?

Bliss of Ignorance.

Young Housekeeper—Such a trial to have a servant who can't understand a thing! say to her.

Old Housekeeper—Yes; but think how unpleasant it would be if you could understand the things she says to you.

The Usual Thing.

Policeman—I say boy, was there anybody killed in this neighborhood last night?

Boy—Yes. Las' night an' the night afore dat, an' dere'll be anodder wan killed ter night; you mus' be a greeny on de force not to know dis place!

Matrimonial Amenities.

Chatterton (lecturing)—You never hear me talk to myself!

Mrs. Chatterton (somewhat given to the habit)—I don't blame you, either.

Too Knowing.

Tom (cautiously)—You don't think there is anything wrong in a kiss, do you?

Kitty (promptly)—Yes, indeed, in the only kind worth having.

"Of a Balmy Morning."

For Saturday Night.

'Tis sweet of a balmy morning
In the wild wood far to stray,
When the silvery dew is adorning
The grassy carpeted way;

When the sun from his pillow glancing
Kisses the cloudlets gray,
When his light on the meadows dancing
Proclaims the dawning day;

When the breezy South is laden
With a freshening fragrance sweet,
When the lambkins greet the maiden
With their welcoming musical bleat.

'Tis sweet of a balmy morning
In the wild wood far to stray,
When the silvery dew is adorning
The grassy carpeted way.

'Tis sweet to roam and linger
Where the witching waters flow,
Where the lilies kiss my finger
As I woo their buds of snow;

Where the flowerets spring around me
In their beauty all so bright,
Where the warbling songsters drown me
In an ocean of delight;

Where the winds are wildly prancing
In the lordly Maple hall,
Where the sunbeams shyly glancing
On the dewdrops lightly fall.

'Tis sweet to roam and linger
Where the witching waters flow,
Where the lilies kiss my finger
As I woo their buds of snow.

'Tis sweet to fondly ponder
O'er each bewildering charm,
As the shadows lightly wander
O'er hill and dale and farm;

As the dashing waters tumble
Over the rocky steep,
As the roaring echoes rumble
When they all so wildly leap;

As the willows ever wailing
Are a-murmuring in the air,
And the lark through ether sailing
Salutes the morning fair.

'Tis sweet to fondly ponder
O'er each bewildering charm,
As the shadows lightly wander
O'er hill and dale and farm.

I love in the early morning
In the wild wood far to stray,
When the silvery dew is adorning
The grassy carpeted way.

I love to roam and linger
Where the witching waters flow,
Where the lilies kiss my finger
As I woo their buds of snow.

I love to fondly ponder
O'er each bewildering charm,
As the shadows lightly wander
O'er hill and dale and farm.

Then afar from the busy bustling
Of the city's crowded way,
I sigh for the dewy rustling
When the leaflets kiss the day.

JAMES FRANCIS DELANEY.

In Toronto.

For Saturday Night.

I place me a chair by the casement,
And dimming the glare of light,
I silently turn to revel
In the beauty of the night.
How peacefully sleeps the city
From care and toil set free,
And the thought of my heart in the stillness
Wingeth its way to thee.

The silent night is around me,
The silent stars above
Look down with their bright eyes beamin
On thee, as on me, dear love.
And they bring me nearer, nearer,
While heart still beats to heart,
Though thousands of miles apart, love,
Thousands of miles apart.

The moon floats high in the ether,
And shads her witching light
On the silvered rocks and the tree tops,
While under the eaves creeps the night.
Oh I love the hush and the stillness,
For they bring thee nearer me,
While spirit voices whisper
"I am thinking, love, of thee."

Yes, the moon looks down from the ether
Afar from the ether blue,
And whispers me of a fond love,
Trusted, tried and true;
And I feel I'm nearer, nearer,
I feel though I cannot see,
For the same bright moon looks down, love,
And smiles upon thee and me.

CLARA H. MONTMARTE (*Carie Sima.*

Our Dead.

For Saturday Night.

Surely they err who say the dead depart
Far, far beyond our earth and mortal kan,
To dwell forever from us—past our knowledge
And no more know the place of our abode
Till our last hour, when we too pass from hence
To that great silent land all journey to.
Only the alien and the stranger go,
The rest stay near us, and with still, firm hands
They lead and point us to the upward road,
Nor let us turn again forever more
To look back on the wrongs we fain would do.
Our holy, silent, ever present dead,
They hold our eyes and keep our hands so fast
We cannot sin because of love to them,
Nor love the sinning, nor see aught delighted in;
Nay, now such thoughts go out
Like smoking candles—when the wind of heav
Is suddenly through open casement blown.
Surely they sin who say the dead depart
Far, far beyond our earth and mortal kan,
Giving no reverence to these dear souls—
These sweet, and ministers who weary no
But guard the inner pathway of our life,
And by the blessed power of love alone
They school us into virtue.

Toronto. D. F. T.

Good-bye!

For Saturday Night.

Good-bye, sweetheart! Its may not be forever;
Long years may pass ere we will meet again;
Good-bye! Though we love's golden chain may sever
Love cannot die, is still remains the same.
Good-bye! Good-bye!

Good-bye, sweetheart! Life's roseate dream is over.
In other lands and under other skies,
O'er restless seas, o'er rolling plains a rover,
I'll see again your tender, loving eyes.
Good-bye! Good-bye

Good-bye, sweetheart! Perhaps in anguish lying
War's victim I, upon some field may be;
Ah! then, sweetheart, I'll think of thee when dying
My trembling lips will breathe a prayer for thee.
Good-bye! Good-bye!

HENRY B. SULAN.

Between You and Me.

GOOD many people object to French words and sentences in an English article, though sometimes they express in a few syllables the sense of a thought which would use up a line of English to make clear. I can understand the prejudice which springs from a want of knowledge of the language for I am always cross myself at a Greek quotation, but I don't want the Greek quotation expunged; rather I trot off to some good-natured professor and find out from him what it means. *Fin de siecle* is a much-worked word just now; it is appropriate and just expresses the flavor of our waning century's rush and impatience of control. *Chic* is the most untranslatable of little words. What does it not express of cuteness, style, manner and prettiness? *Enfant terrible* conjures visions of irrepressible youth, which need no further embellishment. The French don't select their English words so happily, or else English is not so expressive, but some of their adoptions from our language are very funny. A reporter sent to "interviewer" a distinguished foreigner declares him to be "*un parfait* gentleman," and goes on to describe his personal appearance and dress, including such garments as an "ulster," a "derby," and a "gladstone collar." The political news includes mention of "*le grande* boss," a "dark horse," and a "ring," although these phrases are used only in speaking of American politics. Among the sensational items near by is one describing the doings of "*Le Juge Lynch en Texas*," and expressing horror at the escape of "*les lyncheurs*," after hanging "*le lynche*." An unusually large number of "five-o'clockards" (young men fond of afternoon tea) were present at the "five o'clock" of Mme. de Z——. Looking a little further we find that "dudes" and "mashers" unfortunately exist in Paris, and that young women who "flirte" are not unknown, although they are warned in a serious paragraph, evidently without the least intention to employ slang, that this amusement is not a safe one and they are likely to "get left." Of course this English is "as she is spoke" in America rather than in England, but lots of slang English is also fashionable just now in French society.

*

The Emperor William likes to be photographed, as is seen by the records of six dozen successful attempts to strike the likeness of his stirring self, not to mention three times as many efforts which did not do him justice. Any ordinary mortal feels that half a dozen times in a lifetime is enough to go through the ordeal of the camera, but no one ever dared call Willie Hohenzollern an ordinary mortal!

*

Talking of photographs reminds me of a very pleasant hour which I spent last week in the rooms of the Camera Club on Yonge and Gerrard corner. Amateur work, when really good, has an interest greater than established professional effort. Such an interest settles on some of the beautiful views of Canadian scenery which Mr. Maucher exhibits. I wonder how many Toronto people know the beauties of Elora. I am ashamed to say a visionary railway station, board fences, homely barns and ugly boarded houses represented Elora in my mind's eyes before I looked at those charming photos. A handsome Toronto mother and her winsome wee girl, such a group as no city on earth could own and not be proud of, smiles down in finished photographic loveliness from Mr. Croll's collection. An indescribably wrinkled and aged and importunate Italian beggar holds out a hand near by. The very funniest little darkie boy, with a white chicken and a brown one, slides fearfully through a hen house door, caution in the very curl of his naughty little bare black toes. "The old, old story," verily, and told by cameric aid in the cutest and most comical of pictures. The darkies seem to make capital studies; "an open countenance," radiant with humor and positively cackling with laughter as you look at it, sets you grinning sympathetically back again. Live rippling water, that catches motion as you watch, lovely rocks and rustic-looking islands are at hand. Island parties, very much *en dishabille*, volunteer groups in dress and undress costumes, Muskoka campers, yachting groups, all the happy summer people are there, prisoned by the camera club. It was worth a trudge in the rain to see them—well worth it!

*

An interesting department of a popular London paper is a collection of extraordinary sentences passed on offenders of all ages and both sexes by the county magistrates, some of whom really seem to be near relations of the unjust judge in the sacred narrative. For nearly murdering a schoolchild, the master is let off scot free. Twenty days in jail for fracturing a man's thigh is another villain's reward; knocking his wife's teeth out and playing a tatoo upon her legs with his *pit clogs* (can's you see that dainty footwear) costs a gentleman of the lower stratum two pounds. In contrast to this mercy untempered with justice, is the fourteen days' sentence on a man who was *suspected* of stealing a quart of milk, three pounds for shooting a hare, one pound fourteen shillings for appropriating two hen's eggs—and so on—I wonder how long our authorities would run such sentences as those without a raking from the whole population!

*

I have a friend who writes a great many letters, and I have been curious often to know what she says to her numerous correspondents. One day lately I asked her, after she had finished a long letter, what she had written about. "Oh, everything. There's nothing confidential in it; you can just see for yourself." Without her permission I remembered the first page. It ran much as follows:

"DEAR JENNIE—Just a moment to write you a wee line and tell you that we are as usual; nothing much going on. I was at five teas last week; saw lots of spring clothes. The J——'s are going somewhere—Italy, I think. I fancy I heard Miss G. is to be married in June. Did you? We are not camping this year—too much going on at home. Mother not well. Have you seen Jack since he came back? A perfect guy—too English for anything. I suppose we shall go to the ball next week; I don't care about going; have not anything very new to wear. I hate public balls; never can take comfort in a crowd." Here the letter broke off at the end of the page. There were three sheets of it in all "Stuff! isn't it?" said my friend, yawning. "I am tired to death; I've written five letters this morning!" And I turned on her in my wrath and told her lots of nasty, frank, terrible things which should be done to her for wasting golden hours on such trash. But it has become a habit with her, and I suppose her friends expect it of her.

*

One never knows the worst. I fancied last week that I sounded the depths of humiliation to the rising girls of America when I spoke of bad American mothers who strapped and flogged their younglady daughters after they were grown up. It seemed dreadful, to me who have a horror of the laying on of hands by any lesser light than His Lordship the Bishop, and who hold most sacred the self-respect of young maidens. Well, what do you think of a Toronto girl of twenty-four who tells a young gentleman, who is one of my nicest correspondents, that her mother still uses a strap on her, and (says the young man) "she is not very bad, nor a fool, either." He admits, however, that he found her confession a strange one. Not at all, my dear boy; it is just what one might expect from a young woman whose personal dignity is debased by corporal punishment, and is one more proof of the abominableness of the practice. I hope I don't know the girl nor her mother, for really, I think I couldn't like them!

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Women are now employed as stenographers at Copenhagen, Denmark, for the first time.

It is reported that Rudyard Kipling will make his home in Vermont, his wife's native State, after their return from their extended wedding trip.

Lovers of Robert Browning will be glad to learn, through an English authority, that his books have more sale in England than those of any dead poet except Shakespeare.

That once famous beauty, the Countess of Castiglione, is still living in Paris, but in the greatest seclusion, having exiled herself from the world as soon as her charms began to fade.

Adelina Patti is in mourning for the loss of her little hairless dog Ricci, which died the other day in New York. It was presented to her by Senor Diaz, President of the Mexican Republic.

The Girls' Friendly Society of England is a union of over one hundred and seventy thousand women and girls of all classes, which holds religious and secular classes, provides homes of rest and training, lodges, libraries, etc.

Mrs. Alice B. Shaw's whistling at the last social meeting of Sorosis created a sensation, not only among the women but also among Sherry's waiters, who crowded about the door of the ballroom during the performance.

A home for training women has lately been established in Surrey, England. It teaches laundry work, the care of poultry, harnessing and saddling horses, management of the dairy, and everything necessary to fit a woman to keep a house on a small income.

Captain Nelson, who died a few days ago, acted for several years as naval "coach" to the Duke of Edinburgh, and he prepared him for all his service examinations. He was engaged in looking after H.R.H. for about six years and was then given a small Court sinecure. Captain Nelson was a famous horticulturist, having entirely devoted himself to gardening during the last twenty years of his life, and he achieved many remarkable successes.

Miss Ingelow lives at Kensington with the brother who helped her to publish her first volume of poems—the volume of which four editions were sold in the first year after its publication, and that has now reached its twenty-sixth edition. Miss Ingelow's father was a banker, and she was the youngest of eleven children. Her first verses and songs were written on the back of certain inside shutters in a room high up in the old home in Lincolnshire.

Prince Bismarck is not an advocate of temperance. No one would accuse him of such beliefs who remembers the tales told of the drinking bouts of his youth; but possibly because he desires that there shall be no misunderstanding of his opinion on this point, he has made some characteristic utterances. His text was the refusal of a visitor to accept a glass of whiskey, whereupon he exclaimed, "I think drinking is dying out more and more here. I only hope we shall not become like the English, who drink only water and tea."

Lord Dufferin's first secretary, Mr. Austin Lee, was married this week to a rich and talented American lady, Mrs. De Wolff Taylour. Mr. Lee is a native of the Channel Islands, he was born in Guernsey, and commenced his education at Victoria College, Jersey. During his diplomatic career he has occupied posts in Berlin and Constantinople, and has now been four years in the English Embassy at Paris. He is the owner of the little island of Jethou, near Alderney, but on account of its exiguity it is not very probable that he will spend his honeymoon there.

The author of that much-talked-of book, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, lives near Dorchester, in his beloved Wessex. He is an acting magistrate, and in discharge of the duties of his position he has many opportunities for studying life among the poor and lowly. When he is engaged on a story, it is his practice to retire to his study immediately after breakfast, and not emerge until his day's work is done. Most of his work is written at least once, but there are chapters that go in just as they were dashed off in the first draft. Mr. Hardy is fifty-two years old, and did not definitely make literature his profession until 1872, after the success of Under the Greenwood Tree. Before that he had read divinity, and studied and practiced architecture. Several of his novels have been translated into French and Dutch, and at least one has been dramatized and acted.

Suggestions About Pictures.

WHO that has been bred in Canada, this country of beautiful scenery, has not an innate love of art? But how many have been able to keep their artistic tastes in this age when so much sham is seen? Other than the education that we get from nature, very few of us are trained to recognize real art. Our sparse population and paucity of wealth are mainly the causes of this, but they do not explain that lack of appreciation which the talent within our own country meets with. The reason is to be found in that spirit of discontent which makes us strive to outvie our neighbors in magnificence. If in such strivings we kept within our means, art need not suffer by it, but we are often led to sacrifice all reality for appearances. Without truth there is no beauty. When our eyes have got used to the extravagant display of bright color, the sheen of silk and the glitter of gold, we no longer appreciate the simpler objects that used to rest our eyes, and give noble and peaceful thoughts to our hearts. Let the women of our country learn to have true beauty in their homes and the whole race will be better for it. A lady one said while driving through a ravine in one of the prettiest spots in Ontario: "It would be impossible to talk gossip in the midst of such scenery as this." There is a heavenly influence in all art, whether music, painting or literature. In literature, we have all felt it, thanks to the care which our country has taken in that part of our education. In "bronze and marble and the colors of light," we may feel it too, if our senses are not dulled by false education.

There are few houses that do not possess pictures of some kind, but why should they not be better than the ones commonly met with? Were we all wealthy enough to buy a great masterpiece, there would not be enough of them to go round. Some of us would be obliged to have copies, and why not have some now? The coloring is not always good in these reproductions, but some of the photo-tints and engravings are exquisite. The photo-gravures of the Angelus and Diana or Christ are particularly good; either of these, with a suitable mat, can be bought for a dollar. Photo-tints of the Madonnas of many of the Italian masters are sold at the same price. An art lover who owned one of these had it placed on an easel near the foot of her bed that she might see it as soon as she awoke, for she said the madonna had such a holy face that it gave her good thoughts. The sweet expression in the faces of both mother and child was brought out better in a soft light than in a glare. This effect was obtained partly by position and partly by the frame, a flat one of dark oak, shaded towards the inside, to the lighter wood color. Love Warming the World is a sweet, original expression of its name, and can be bought for a dollar and twenty-five cents. It is much prettier in water colors than in the neutral tints. But those who from necessity are forced to have the latter may, by suitable mounting and framing, secure the warmth of color that this picture should have. A dull red mat with a narrow frame of darkened silver would be very pretty. It is hardly advisable to use gilt at all in framing; the imitation of oxidized silver is always better where brightness is needed. It would be the best kind in which to enclose those two pictures. A Yard of Roses and A Yard of Pansies, by the artist, Janus, which are just now the delight of those who possess them and the envy of those who do not. They are each a yard long and six or eight inches wide. In the copies now shown the coloring can certainly be recommended. No mats will be needed for them, as they are reproduced in the oil colors of the originals. A Yard of Roses would look well in a box-shaped gilt frame, but the companion picture would not; as all who own one hope to obtain the other, it would not be well to use the gilt frame. The inspiration which these paintings give is proved by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' story, Twelve Yards of Roses, which was published at Easter. In a room with high ceilings the Yards of Pansies and Roses could be hung over the doors; if there is an arch between two rooms the pictures should be placed over the arch, one at each side.

The fortunate possessor of good pen and ink sketches should use dark mounting board for them. For those done in sepia, brown mounting board is best. The reason is, there is so much open space between the pen strokes that a balance in amount of color is thus obtained. The same remarks would apply to mezzo-tints, which are copper or steel engravings done in imitation of drawings in India ink.

For charcoal sketches and sepia paintings, enameled frames in creamy white resembling ivory are in good taste, as the charcoal and sepia have a soft velvety effect and can stand a bright polish near them. The frames should always be as much in harmony as possible with the pictures; never should they outshine that which it is their duty to bring into greater prominence. None of those so far mentioned are costly.

For expensive pictures, expensive frames may be desired. Some suggestions may be found in the following description of work shown in a justly celebrated American art room. The picture which attracted the most attention was a farmyard scene, beautiful in itself, and framed to look as if set into an old board fence. The boards were rough, and worn at the top; the better parts had a coating of dull silver, but in the cracks, and the indentations that represented the ravages of time, weather stains were shown. Nature must have lent the framer some of the hitherto inimitable stains. To the lower part of the frame was fastened part of a wooden bucket which expressed age in the same shades as the fence. A hay-making scene was enclosed in a broad flat frame of dull silver, with a little rake attached to it. The same kind of surrounding was used for a view of a river with a boat moored at the bank, but in place of the rake, two metal oars were affixed. In a sketch of this kind, where the boat was not in use, the oars appeared appropriate on the frame. Mats, that harmonize with the picture in the same way, are often shown. For a harvest scene in water colors there is a sage green mat, with raised ears of corn in their natural color. Sea views look best in gray mats.

The Emergency Provided For.

Jennie—But you can't support a wife on twelve dollars a week, George.
George—True, darling; but our firm always raises its men to twelve dollars and a half when they get married.—*Judge.*

In nine out of ten drawing-rooms we see pictures placed on easels. Certainly an unframed painting looks more in its element on an easel than on the wall, but our artist friends say very uncomplimentary things about the taste of people who decorate their rooms in this way. An unframed picture has an unfinished appearance; being on an easel, it suggests that the artist has just risen from his work. This is all very well, if some member of the household possesses recognized skill in painting; but otherwise, it is just as ridiculous as the case of the old lady who, though unacquainted with the Greek alphabet, always kept a copy of Zenophon lying open on her table.

Marble statues need a warm background. They are shown to advantage on a bracket with a square of crimson velvet (not plush) back of them. Bronze needs no such relief, but should be placed on a stand in a good light. Plaster casts are within the reach of all, very good copies of well known reliefs being sold for twenty-five cents. As most people have better taste in choosing color than in form, much care is needed in selecting casts. To soften the white glare of the plaster, artists recommend the following treatment: Pour melted bees-wax even over the mould, then wipe the surface dry with a soft cloth. Other preparations are often given, but they need to be very skilfully applied.

In nearly every Canadian home well stacked book-cases are found. It is to be hoped that our nation, in educating the younger generation, will try to train the eye as well as the intellect. This work lies with the individual, and especially with the home-maker.

JANET STONE JACKSON.

Newcastle, Ont.

A Seedy Genius.

BEING a tramp printer he had walked through nearly every town in Ontario and was a living newspaper directory that could make George P. Rowell's book look silly. As he entered a town two days' march east of Toronto, it was pouring rain and he was soaked to the skin. What he wanted most was a few drinks of tangle-leg, but he was too old a hand to try to touch the bartender in his present seedy shape. So he edged around to the stable and fell in with the hostler, whom he soon awed with his grandiloquent language and apparent close acquaintanceship with all the great men of the Dominion. He learned that the rival editors of the town hated each other like poison, and then lay down for a snooze in one of the box-stalls until darkness fell.

Although still pouring rain he said farewell to the hostler, calling him "landlord," much to the delight of that horse-scented worthy, and headed for the nearest of the rival newspaper offices. The editor was inside stitching pamphlets on an old sewing machine, and the tramp struck him for a job.

"No, I have no vacancies."

"Well, it's pretty tough if I have to be a star-gazer on a night like this. Say, perhaps one of the comps brought a lunch with him some day this week and didn't eat it. That would do me and I could sleep on the bed of your hand-press there."

"Nobody brings any dinner here and the paste-pot was wiped clean this morning. But say, if you want a job, why don't you go down to the *Banner* office? I hear the editor of that paper got a horse-bill to print to-day, the first job he has got hold of since Christmas." And the editor jammed the bobbin into its socket so violently that it bounced out again.

"No, sir! Not any for me! I'm pretty hungry and wet," said the tramp, turning around as if about to depart, "but not any *Banner* in mine, please. Why, say, a few minutes ago I came along and seeing it was a printing office, dropped in to see if there was any show for a 'sit.' There was a man sitting at a sort of table chopping up exchanges with a pair of scissors, but he did not speak. Surely, thinks I to myself, this frog-eyed individual with the crushed strawberry nose is not the editor; no, it's some loafer, I thought, and sauntered into the pressroom behind. There was a skinny little boy working at some lamps on the make-up stone. He had an old oil can turned upside down on a saucer and three or four lamps and lanterns scattered around in front of him. 'What are you doing?' said I. 'Oh, I'm squeezing the juice out of all these wicks into one lamp so's we can strike a light. 'we've got a horse bill to get out to-night.' Thinks I, has the profession come to this, and started for the door, but stopped and went back to the boy. 'Say, I have just one question to ask, just one, and that settles it: Is that lean and idiotic-looking man in the next room the editor of the *Banner*?' The boy said it was, and I got out into the rain as quick as I could, and was heading through the mud for Toronto when I came across your office. Good night; no *Banner* for me."

But the editor's face was suffused with a warmth of pleasure, and the editor's hand was in the editor's pocket, from whence he brought a quarter. This he gave to the tramp and also a written order on the hotel-keeper for "supper, bed and breakfast for the bearer." And the old printer said he would do him whatever good he could along the road, and then went over to the hotel, turned his order to good account and registered as "Lord Marmaduke Gordon, traveling *incog.*"

ZEKE.

Cricket News.

THE most important game of the season so far was the two day game between the Toronto club and Ottawa, which resulted in a draw. Toronto scored 120 and 159 and Ottawa 143 and 61 for six wickets. Many good individual scores were made; perhaps the best performance was that of Rev. W. F. Terry, who put together 71 in the second innings. It is my opinion that Mr. Terry is the best batsman in the country. He may sometimes fail to score but on all occasions I would rather hold him in a hat pool than any other man in any team that could be got together. He bats with a wholesome vim and never scores by accident. When he plays a ball he knows the moment he does so whether he will run or not, and should a player fumble with it so that a run may be scored he refuses by a sign of contempt to exert himself to profit by such a chance. He is a master of the true science of batting.

London defeated Galt on the Queen's Birthday by 75 and 34 to 62 and 45. This left Galt in a minority of 2, and the finish is said to have been very exciting.

Hamilton defeated Guelph on the same day by an innings and 47 runs, the score being 81 to 21 and 13. This is phenomenally low scoring for a team such as Guelph usually puts into the field. Peterboro' defeated Campbellford by 78 to 52.

The Port Hope School was defeated by Rosedale, the scores being 59 and 109 against 23 and 22. Rogers was the only School boy who secured doubles, he getting 11 in the second innings. Stokes made the highest score for Rosedale, getting 16 and 38, Lyon coming next with 19 and 20, and Martin, with 4 and 13. Lyon and Stokes are good batsmen who score under nearly any conditions.

Trinity College defeated an eleven of the Torontos, making 69 and 40 with seven wickets to spare, against 34 and 71. For Trinity, D. L. McCarthy made 9 and 14, not out; Brought, 11; Robertson, 8, not out; Grant, 10, not out, were the chief scorers. For Toronto, Saunders made 12 and 31; Bethune, 0 and 19; Delatosse, 9 and 2; Dr. Jones, 8 and 5. Grout bowled well for the College and Allison for the Torontos.

A cricketer who is not known according to his merits is Garret of Toronto Junction. He is tall, with a phenomenal reach which he does not put into use only on occasion. If he used his reach more frequently, a bowler could calculate on him and stumps him easier, but as it is he is a most difficult man to handle. His punishing power, when he does hit, is terrific, and much like that of Duke Collins. Against Scarboro', on the 24th, he put up 32, not out, several times putting the leather far over boundary. The Junction team suffered defeat, the score being 91 to 78. Several of the Scarboro' men made double figures, D. Gregory specially deserving mention for his 17, nearly all ones, cut in here and there wherever a small opening presented itself. The 24th was quite a cricket day, despite the long spell of wet weather and the threatening appearance of the day.

A. SLOW LOBB, JR.

Had Pretty Bridesmaids.

She (after the wedding)—Let's extend our wedding tour to Utah, so we can see Salt Lake City.

He—Good idea! Let's take the bridesmaids along.

The Difference.

Jack—Ethel's face is one that grows on one.

Maud—Perhaps; but it never grew on her. It is hand-made.

HAS MUSIC CHARMS?

Translated from the German for "Saturday Night."

By JOHANNA M. FORSTER AND HARRY A. BROWN.

When one is shaving superfluous movements are inadmissible and for this reason wives choose the time when their husbands are under the power of the razor to lecture them, and servants to deliver letters and otherwise disturb their victim.

One evening preparatory to going out to dinner, a handsome young fellow who after the approaching exams. would be addressed as "doctor," was standing before his mirror holding in one hand the end of his well trained mustache while his razor scraped at the refractory hairs in close proximity to his jugular vein.

"A letter sir!" said his servant.

"Put it on the table," he growled, as he gashed his neck; "don't you see I'm shaving," and then he tried to coax his blood to flow less lavishly by bathing it with Florida water.

When he had finished all the delicate parts of his face and preparatory to putting on the finishing touches, his razor slid up and down the strop with the rythmic cadence of Paganini on the E string, he glanced at the letter.

"Huh!" he said, "I suppose my ghostly piano-pounder replies!" and went on with his shaving.

Later, however, he opened the letter with more peace of mind than one would have were he opening a ghostly missive, and read as follows:

"My Dear Neighbor,—Your very kind lines of yesterday reached me in due time, and I was not at all astonished to become acquainted in this way with the user of that mysterious telegraphy (pounding on my wall) which proclaimed to me that you wished me to stop playing the piano. My piano also noticed the intention, but did not get out of tune as you perceived, but allowed me to drum a little longer.

"I am sorry that I am not able to gratify your distinct wishes, for I am a student and therefore must practice. You propose that I should play from 7 p.m. until 2 a.m., as you would be out during that time for recreation and that you would work in the morning. Perhaps you will allow me to make another proposal. Kindly work in the quiet of night, which admittedly is the best time for study, and take the mornings, for your health will not be injured by gaslight and tobacco smoke.

"I am, sincerely yours,

"Piano Plague."

"Huh!" he grumbled as he finished, "a nice proposal, as though I would not smoke if I studied at night, and I wonder whether she thinks I can sit on the balcony and study by moonlight, and thus escape the evil effect of the gaslight, just about like women's reasoning. Well, I'll have to try some other method of stopping her unearthly scale running."

He arrived at the house of his friends the Werners a few minutes late and found that the guests had commenced to file into the refectory where the table had been spread for an elaborate dinner.

As he was announced pretty Mrs. Werner came forward to welcome him with a smile and a little admonition as to the latenesse.

"Never mind an apology now," she said, "I have a little surprise for you. Your partner is to be the young lady who lives next door to you, and who has just enraptured us by one of Liszt's most beautiful Capprioios. Surely you have met her. There now, run away and take her into dinner; you will find her in the morning I saw her there this minute talking to old Miss Arton," and with these words, this vivacious little woman left him to welcome another late arrival.

Rather staggered by this tirade of directions, he stood looking after her and did not notice a young lady who left the alcove and crossed the room to a divan from which she watched the assembling crowd with great pleasure.

When, thinking to make the best of a bad matter, he sought the alcove, he saw only a lady of uncertain age in a brown silk dress of antique cut, the very slight of which seemed to him conclusive proof that she was his ascetic piano-playing neighbor.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said, mentioning his name. "Mrs. Werner was called away, but she sent me to you and told me that I should have the pleasure of being your partner for the rest of the evening. May I escort you to the table?" and with his native gallantry he led her to the table, where the two sat down as erect as statues.

Scarcely had they got comfortably seated, however, than Mr. Werner came forward and apologized for a mistake, said that he must take his friend from her, but that he would send her another partner in an instant.

This he did, and then taking our young friend with him into the drawing-room he introduced him to the pretty little blonde who occupied the divan and was still interested in watching Mrs. Werner receive her guests.

Her name was Miss Bursar but as Mrs. Werner had not mentioned any name it gave him no key to the situation, and although annoyed by these proceedings, he was still very glad to escape from the supposed piano pounder, and was in a splendid humor on this account.

His little blonde partner was, however, not altogether at her ease. She was in fact thinking of the mistake she had made in thinking of her neighbor as a morose-looking man, and was now surprised to find him a handsome young fellow with fresh complexion, tasty cravat, blue-gray eyes, nice shaped hands and just a love of a mustache. What do not women see in an instant!

Dinner commenced, as usual, rather noisy with moving chairs, but as the soup was served conversation flagged so perceptibly that one would think that each alternate diner spoke only Chinese and that as talking across partners had been vetoed the dinner would remain as quiet as that of a deaf and dumb asylum. But no, this is never the case. The glass of light sherry with the soup wakes everybody to the fact that they have a partner beside them, and they begin to talk platitudes, and by the time fish, with its accompanying thin glasses of rich Rhine wine is served, the party are all feeling at home and the conversation becomes general.

The conversation in which we are interested started, much as all others start, upon a trivial subject.

"Nice flowers!" said our friend.

"Beautiful!" she replied.

Then they admired other things until Miss Bursar noticed a beautiful crystal dish which was heaped with fruit, and bade him remember that she was fond of fruit when the dessert was served.

"The sight of that fruit," he said, "reminds me of a little story, the event of which happened at the court of Ludwig XIV.

"Oh, tell me, is it a pretty story! I love stories.

"Quite nice," he said. "It is this: Ludwig's mighty minister, Mazarin, heard that a most influential and intellectual Marquis was the author of a very malicious satire against himself, and wishing to judge as to whether the report were true, invited him to dinner and gave him a very intellectual partner who was, if possible, to lead their conversation in the desired direction.

"She, however, became fascinated by his spirit and wit and abandoned her purpose.

"Seeing that she had started him upon a declivitous track, and realizing that one satirical word against the minister would bring him into a dilemma, she interrupted him in the middle of a sentence by the question:

"'Do you like fruit, Marquis?'

"Feeling insulted by this simple question, he stopped speaking and did not join any conversation during dinner.

"How did it end?" asked Miss Bursar.

"Oh, quite natural," he replied. "The marquis was annoyed, but he soon found out why she had asked the simple question, and had thereby sacrificed the minister's friendship. Well, as all true love begins with a sacrifice, they were soon married."

"Very, very nice, was it not?" she commented, "but, by the way, you are not a friend of music."

"Thank goodness, no," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because you told that charming ending so dryly."

"But, Miss Bursar, the marquis is dead, so is his wife. I see no reason why their dead love should inspire me with musical fire."

"But (may I give you a glass of champagne) music is to me—pray pardon me if I interrupt myself. Do you ever play the piano in your recreation hours?"

"Never," she answered solemnly.

"I am so glad to hear that. I can now tell you all my heart's troubles just——"

"Do you like fruit, Marquis?" she interposed laughingly.

"What? What! Oh! now I see. Have I too much musical fire now?"

"Assuredly you have!" she laughed.

"You are a very sharp critic," he commented. "Well, I'll go slow. With a short introduction I intended to confess to you that a dreadful music story is making me unhappy."

"That sounds terrible, but do tell me your story, I like to be frightened."

"Shall we have our glasses filled."

"Yes, please."

"Your health," he said.

"Yours also," she replied.

"Thank you! Now for the story. I am taking my final examinations."

"Horrible," she ejaculated.

"Oh no, that is not the horrible part, it is to come yet. Do you see that old maid in the chocolate dress, see! next to that old gentleman?"

"Yes."

"Now you only say 'yes.' Why don't you say 'horrible,' again?"

"Come now, don't get excited," she said with as earnest a face as her dimples would allow.

"I'm listening. Tell me about the horror."

"I am very glad you are interested and I hope you will not refuse me your sympathy."

"Sympathy. Worse and worse," she ejaculated, laughing.

"Well, the wearer of the chocolate dress was introduced to me by Mrs. Werner to be my partner for the evening, because he said lady is my neighbor, but providence in the shape of good Mr. Werner provided better things for me and I now have the pleasure of sitting beside you."

"And for this reason you count on my sympathy."

"But I'm not through yet. This lady is my neighbor and is making me the unhappiest mortal on earth."

"Have you proposed to her and has she been so heartless as to refuse you!"

"No, I have never given her the chance to be in such a position. I think I could overcome that, but this is worse. I have nice rooms, furnished just to my taste and live quite a quiet and harmless existence. Two months ago this chocolate-colored piano pounder moved next door. Her room is just next to mine and there she practices the scales all day long, until I am on the verge of insanity."

"Where do you live?" asked his partner.

"5 Flottwell street."

"A very nice locality."

"I wrote her a very polite note requesting——"

"Very polite!" she interrupted.

"Of course, and do you know what answer she gave me? She plainly told me that there was no hope of getting rid of her pounding."

"This is terrible," she said. "But did you ever meet the lady before and do you know her name?"

"No, I do not wish to know her name. She has tortured me so, do you know I just adore you because you don't play the piano."

"Quite flattering, but everything has its two sides. Now I will be judge between you. Suppose that lady a student with a sick mother dependent upon her."

"Well, suppose she has no mother. She is old enough to be my mother's mother."

"The word 'mother' is the holiest name on earth," she's were on. "Well, suppose only that she had to play not out of pure pleasure, would you then be so hard on her?"

"I must say you corner me pretty well, but come, let us talk of something else."

"Oh, no, you don't get off so easily. Suppose she were as young as I am would it make any difference?"

"None at all," he answered.

"What would you say if you found out that you had made a mistake and that I am the piano-pounder instead of the lady over there?"

"Impossible."

"Why don't you say horrible! But, really, it was I who sent you the impolite note, and, indeed, I am very sorry now."

"Sorry now?" "Why I have made a terrible confession, and really I don't know how to apologize."

"None is needed," she replied, laughing; "but you seem to have changed your opinions during the last few minutes."

"Never mind opinions; the only thing worth talking about now is to undo this cordian knot wi'hout breaking our friendship."

"Yielding it a gordian knot," she said. "Why not try something in which I shall help all I can? I shall not think you were selfish enough to deprive me of the pleasure of helping you."

"Was selfish perhaps than you think. You may do something for me and many——"

She looked at him in utter astonishment as he continued:

"And if your heart is——"

"Do you like fruit, marquis," she interposed.

"You could not answer me more kindly," he said.

"I don't understand you," she replied.

"That is very simple, you are using the same words by which the mischievous gained her husband. You have given me courage to ask you not to play any more until my examinations are over. When I shall come and——

"Well, all that I will promise you for the present is an armistice until your examinations are over."

We need not follow their fortunes any further, for does not all true love commence with a sacrifice?

Did Jacob Lie?

A rich story is told of a ship owner of Liverpool, a Quaker named Jacob, who prided himself on his honesty. He would not tell a lie to save the value of his best craft. He suffered one of his best ships to sail from Calcutta for home without any insurance on either vessel or cargo. After a while he became uneasy. He was sure his ship had encountered bad weather, and he feared for her safety. In his stead he went to his friend Isaac. He called him friend, though Isaac was one of the despised children of Israel.

"Friend Isaac," said he, "I would like to have thee insure my ship, which is at sea. I should have done it before, but have carelessly neglected it. If thee canst have the policy signed and ready for delivery by three o'clock to morrow, I will send and get it, and send thee the money in full."

Isaac did not seem to be anxious to insure the ship; but being told that no unfavorable intelligence had been heard from her, he said he would have the policy made out to take effect on and after three o'clock of the following day, but to cover the ship and cargo from leaving India.

Early on the following morning Jacob received a message by the hand of a captain just arrived, to the effect that his ship was stranded and her cargo lost. This was very unfortunate. Should friend Isaac happen to hear the news before the policy was made out, he would not make it out at all; or if it was made out and not signed, he would not sign it. What was to be done? Jacob wanted to act honestly. It would not be right to let Isaac make out the policy in such circumstances.

Finally he hit upon a plan. He summoned his clerk and said.—

"Tell friend Isaac that I have heard from my ship, and if the policy is not signed he need not sign it."

The clock was close upon the hour of three when the clerk arrived at Isaac's office. Friend Jacob's message was delivered; the ship had been heard from, and if the policy was not signed he need not sign it.

"I think I am in season to save it," the clerk said.

"No, sir," answered Isaac, promptly and emphatically.

In truth, the policy of insurance had not been signed, for the insurer had been in doubt. When Isaac heard the message he judged at once that the ship was safe, and that Jacob sought to save the heavy item of premium he had agreed to pay.

"No, sir," he said, "you are not in time. It is past three o'clock; the policy is signed. I will go and get it."

He slipped out and hastily finished and signed the policy, and, having dried the ink, he brought the document to the clerk, demanding in return the sum which had been agreed upon. The money was paid and the policy taken home to friend Jacob, who received it very gladly. The end can be readily imagined.

There was No Seconder.

John Barry, mayor of Cromwell, an Australian mining town, had been away on leave, and, as he outstayed it, a vote of censure was passed upon him. At the next meeting of the council, he, in his capacity of mayor, directed the minutes of the previous meeting to be read, which contained the following entry:

"A vote of censure was passed on the mayor for outstaying his leave, and it was resolved to ask for an explanation."

"Who proposed this vote of censure?" inquired the mayor.

"I did," said a councillor, standing up.

"You did, did you!" continued Mr. Barry stepping from his presidential chair to the unfortunate member. "Then what was that?"

With these words the mayor smote his enemy in the right eye, and felled him to the ground.

"Who seconded this resolution?" Mr. Barry asked, quietly resuming his position.

There was no answer; the councillors were not anxious for a physical contest with so hard a hitter as their mayor.

"Who seconded this resolution?" he asked again.

Still there was no reply.

"Then," said the mayor, taking up his pen, "as there is no seconder, it's informal. Scratch it off the minutes."

Not A Genuine Anarchist.

In a secret anarchist meeting.

Inner guard (to head center)—You ordered beer for every one in the room!

Head center—Yes.

Inner guard—Well, there's a little red-headed man over in the corner who says he never drinks beer.

Head center—Confusion! we are discovered.

Fin de Siecle

Penelope—Have you seen Jack Dashing lately?

Perdita—About two weeks ago.

Penelope—Well, when you see him again, remind him that we are engaged, will you dear?

The Boom Was Over.

Capitalist—How is that town you spoke to me about a few months ago? Is it laid out yet?

The Boomer—Yes, indeed; stiffer than a mackerel.

His Curiosity.

Teacher (consulting his watch)—Now, scholars, as I have just a few minutes more to spare, I will answer any question that you may ask me.

Small Boy (anxiously)—What time is it, sir?

At the University Club.

Dronkley—You're a Harvard man, aren't you?

Drimmer—Yes.

Dronkley—What is your secret society?

Drimmer—The "Hall Fellow" poker club has been since I was married.

A Young Deadhead.

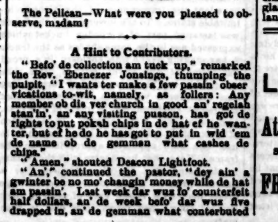
Herr Tannhauser (of the Casino orchestra)—Now, Jakey, you sit on von of dose orchendra chair und pe a goot little poy und I'll pring you again some dime.

In the Style.

Mike—Sure, Biddy, and pfwat be yez droopin' candy-grass on the leither for?

Biddy—Faith, an' it do be all the shtyle now. I saw the missus doin' it this marnin'.

The Hen (to supposed goose)—Get out of here or I'll pick an eye out of you.



The Pelican—What were you pleased to observe, madam?

A Hint to Contributors.

"Befo' de collection pass tuck up," remarked the Rev. Ebenezer Jonstogo, thumping the pulpit, "I wants ter make a few pasain' obser vications to-wit, namely, as follers: Any member ob dis yer church in good ans' regulah stan'in', an' any visiting pusson, has got de rights to put pokah chips in de hat of he wan tee, but if he do he has got to put in wut he can de name ob de gemman what cashes de chips."

"Amen," shouted Deacon Lightfoot.

"An', continued the pastor, "dey ain' a gwinter be no mo' changin' money while de hat am pasin'. Last week dar was fif counterfeit half dollars, an' de week befo' dar was five drapped in, an' de gemman what conterbuted dem half dollars got fo'ty cents apiece in good money, leastin de church an' de pastah to boot de bag fo' de diffunce. Taint none ob my business to be fin'in' fault wid gemman fo' de kin' of money de'l suits dey purposes, ef dey doan' wuss ter conterbute hit to de fun's of dish yer church an' yo' umble servant, but hit am my business, when dey puts it in yer, an' yo' humble pastah gets run in by de ossifers of de lawa fo' tryin' to buy his daily bred wid pewter dollars. De bredren will now please teck up de collection."

It Comes High.

Mr. Brink—"What was the most expensive piece of jewelry you ever bought?"

Mr. de Vorce—"My wedding ring. I'm paying forty dollars a week alimony."

Dr. Sey's Remedy.

Opinions of the French Press.

Experience has shown that Dr. Sey's Remedy cures all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels which are not due to organic affections. —*L' Univers.*

The Styles.

Husband—Have you decided what kind of a dress you are going to get?

Wife—"Not yet. I am waiting until our new servant girl unpacks her trunks."

Misses E. & H. Johnson, 122 King street west, are now displaying their spring show of novelties in dress goods and millinery. An elegant and varied assortment to select from. Perfection of taste, style and fit. Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our styles and material.

A Change Anyway.

Mr. Clemm—"I's takin' my vacation."

Mr. Rudere—"Sho! Yo' nebber done a thing on work in yo' life befo'."

Mr. Clemm—"I knows it. Da's what meks dis yer a vacation."

California and Mexico.

A man going west should remember the great Wabash route is the banner line to all west and south-west points, the only railroad using the palace reclining chair cars (free) from Detroit to St. Louis, Kansas City and Omaha. Finest equipped train on earth, and all cars go through the great tunnel at St. Louis. Time tables and other information from your nearest ticket agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, 28 Adelaide street east, Toronto.

Trotter's Wish.

"If I had my choice of hymns in church I would always select number twenty-five hundred and forty-seven, with the first and last stanzas omitted."

"How many stanzas are there altogether?"

"Two."

C. E. International Convention at New York in July.

At a meeting of the executive committee held in Toronto last Friday Dr. Dickson and Aid. Morris reported that they had visited New York in the interest of the Ontario contingent of Christian Endeavor who may go to the convention July 7 and 10, and that they had learned that accommodation could be had in boarding-houses at from $5 to $8 a week, and this must be for a whole week. Rooms in hotels may be had at 50c., 75c. and $1 a day; hotel charges in full, $2.50 a day. Mr. Morris purposes going to New York on July 4 and 5 to make final arrangements for as many as intimate to him early their intention of going. The fare to New York and back will be single over Canadian and American lines. The Erie line will be the official road. Arrangements will be made for care at points where fifty or sixty may gather, and if sixty go from Galt a special car will be provided through to New York. The expectation is that 25,000 will go to this convention from Canada and every part of the States.

Advertising in the Sky.

The newest horror is not Deeming nor the Paris Anarchists. It is considerably worse than either. An esteemed scientific contemporary says that genuine sky signs can be installed for the enterprising advertiser. By a simple arrangement of mirrors, reflecting glasses and lights, a sort of gigantic magic lantern can be set up, by which images can be thrown upon the clouds. You will be able to advertise your wares, in letters 100 feet long, on the skies, so that they will be visible over a dozen counties.

As if this truly awful aspect were not enough, we are told that these sky signs can be made luminous, so that they will blaze all night! Heine, in one of his rhapsodies, said that he would like to snatch a burning plan from its Norway mountains and write with it the name of "Agnes" in letters of fire on the skies. But he would probably not have cared to adorn the firmament with a blazing description of somebody's patent trowser stretcher, or a glowing picture of a lady wearing the latest thing in hygienic corsets.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

"Nada, the Lily" is now running serially in the *Illustrated London News.* The Canadian edition is finely illustrated with twenty-five full page engravings, and will be the book of the year. Price—Paper, 50c.; cloth, gilt, $1. For sale at all bookstores. Published by the National Publishing Company, Toronto.

ITS PLACE

Is in the hands of those who do the actual work of washing. It's the workers who can best appreciate its remarkable qualities for washing clothes and saving labor—everyone can and does appreciate results.

SURPRISE Soap washes clothes without boiling or scalding—makes them clean, sweet, white after the wash—does away with that hard rubbing so injurious to fine clothing and gives the best possible results—whiteness, cleanliness—without the slightest injury to the finest fabrics or tenderest hands.

Why not lighten your work, or that of your workers, by using SURPRISE Soap.

SURPRISE Soap is economical.

READ the directions on the wrapper.

Fishermen! Sportsmen!

You know the value of perfect Tackle when you hook "a big one." Our goods are most varied and well selected as to usefulness and perfection in the fishing art.

If you cannot reach us, send for our Catalogue, which will enable you to buy as well as if you selected from the stock.

H. P. DAVIES & CO. 81 Yonge Street, Toronto Branch—89 King St. E., Hamilton

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This valuable and harmless toilet requisite is unsurpassed for giving a clear, soft, white complexion, and we will send the formula free for making it to any lady who will send us 50c. for one year's subscription to our 64-column Health and Household Journal; 5c. for sample copy.

Medical Adviser Pub. Co., Bowmanville, Ont.

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To the Canada Sugar Refining Company:

Gentlemen,—I have taken and tested a sample of your "extra granulated" sugar, and find that it yielded 99.8 per cent. of pure sugar. It is practically so pure and good a sugar as can be manufactured.

Yours truly,

C. F. Gardwood.

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Ask for it at the Druggists

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.

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A Family of Burglars.

In a large town in the north of Ireland many burglaries and robberies had been committed, and many detectives set to work, and many failures had been the result before I was sent down to investigate the affair.

The fact is, the rascals who had committed these depredations were so well up in their business, so cunning and shrewd, as well as bold and daring, that they left no trace of themselves anywhere by which a clue could be gained to fix a reasonable suspicion.

And yet the nefarious work went on at irregular intervals, sometimes only a day or two elapsing between one burglary and another, and sometimes a period of weeks; but the dark business so certainly continuing that no master of a house felt perfectly safe behind his locked and bolted door, while ladies every where became nervously timid and afraid of their own shadows.

Yet not one of these latter, as far as my knowledge goes, was ever molested, or ever got even a sight of a midnight robber.

Money, watches, jewelry of all kinds, and valuable plate were the articles usually taken, and rarely anything else.

Of these valuables not a trace could subsequently be found, showing that the scoundrels were too well off and too cunning to dispose of them in the usual channels.

When I was sent for to try my skill in ferreting out and bringing the guilty parties to justice, and had everything explained to me, I agreed to enter upon my task on condition that every other detective should be recalled; that it should be given out that the mystery was too deep to be solved; that it should not be known I was anywhere in the neighborhood, and that I should be left to take my own time and pursue my own course, with money enough at my command to carry out any plan I might adopt.

I started out with the theory that these burglars knew, before operating, exactly where valuables were concealed, and what they had to do to get possession of them; that they had no ordinary means of concealing their plunder till it could be disposed of at a distance—perhaps across the Channel, and that to find the operators I must look for them in high rather than in low life.

Upon my arrival in the town I engaged rooms in a first-class hotel, and made myself like a gentleman of means, and described myself as Frank Henderson of Dublin.

After that I soon managed to let it be understood that I had been an officer in the army; that I had only retired on coming into possession of a large fortune left by a deceased uncle, and that I was now travelling partly for pleasure and partly with a view to purchase an estate—my uncle having made it a condition of his bequest that I should buy land and settle down.

Of course I requested all this to be kept a profound secret because I wished it to be known; and, of course, it was made known far and wide by every man or woman who heard of it, telling it to some other man or woman as a profound secret.

In the course of the next two or three weeks I found quite a number of the best townspeople seeking my acquaintance, and received numerous invitations to visit at the houses of the foremost gentry.

During the next month my visiting list became so extensive as to include all the leading families in the place, and as I encouraged gossip of all kinds, I soon became conversant with all the prominent incidents connected with these families during the preceding decade.

Among a great many facts of more or less interest—but which, as they have no connection with my story, I shall not here record—I learned who were old families and who were new; who had property to sell and who had not; and last, but not least, who had been robbed during the past two years.

Among the newcomers who had taken up their residence in the town within that period was a family of the name of M'Lysaght, consisting of a venerable mother, her married son and his wife, another son, and two blooming daughters.

Curiously enough, their house had been broken into and robbed shortly after their arrival, and as a considerable sum of money and much valuable jewelry had been taken, the married son, as head of the family, had at once offered a large reward for the detection and punishment of the villains, but without result.

John M'Lysaght was a man of about thirty-five years of age, comely and of good address, and had, it was said, an ample private income.

His wife was beautiful, accomplished, and refined, and we were his two charming sisters; and as for his stately, high-bred, aristocratic brother, he was one to shine and dazzle in the crowded society—to be the envy of men and the admiration of women.

Such a family as this, living in fine style, keeping horses, carriages, and a host of servants, and giving grand entertainments, could not long be ignored by the most exclusive of the old families; and the ice once broken, the footing once secured in society, everything rolled along as smoothly as if they had lived in the town for generations.

Having myself entered society at the top, in the manner I have shown, I naturally came in contact with the M'Lysaghts; and after closely studying each member of the family for a while, I allowed myself to become infatuated with the bewitching sisters, without designating either as my choice.

I walked with them, rode with them, sang and played with them, and had the vanity to believe that I had become the favorite of both, and that I was equally preferred by the lively, dark-eyed Norah and the sweet-voiced, blue-eyed Mary.

But then I was figuring as a millionaire. Was I being slight all this time of the business which had called me to the town? I did not think so myself, though it might have had that appearance to another.

One day, when riding out with the two ladies, we passed a fine mansion half a mile from the town, the owner of which I shall call Mr. Kerwick.

The Kerwicks, besides being the oldest family in the locality, were also known to be very wealthy.

They had been the victims of the robbers about a year previous, and had lost in money, plate and jewels to the amount of close upon seven hundred pounds.

"Experience with some people goes for nothing," I remarked, looking towards the house, which stood in the center of grounds of considerable extent, and was surrounded by lofty trees; "the more they learn the less they seem to know; and I sometimes wonder how they manage to keep out of the fire."

"What is the matter now, Mr. Cynic?" inquired Norah, with a laugh.

"Why, I was just thinking of this stupid Kerwick."

"What of him?"

"In my estimation he lacks good sense."

"Most people do in your estimation," joined in Mary. "You seldom have an approving word for anybody."

"Then you ladies should appreciate what I say of you all the more."

"What we hear, we do," said Norah; "but we tremble to think what may be said by so sarcastic a judge when we are absent."

"Oh, if I only dared to speak as rapturously in your presence!"

"'Faint heart never won fair lady,'" quoted Norah.

"I shall remember that axiom," returned I.

"And in the meantime pray don't forget your stupid Mr. Kerwick," said Mary, with a slight pout, as if from a touch of jealousy.

"Ah! Mr. Kerwick—true. Well, now see if you do not agree with me as I state the case. About a year ago he was robbed, as you probably have heard, and lost property to the amount of seven hundred pounds, as he himself told me. Now, what do you think? With that experience so fresh in his memory, you would hardly suppose he would want to tempt fate again. But he does, or will, in spite of my advice to the contrary. This morning he received two thousand pounds from his son, an extensive pork curer in Chicago, to be invested in good securities. He intended going to Belfast to-day to consult a stockbroker, but something came in the way. Having called to see me on some business, he incidentally mentioned these facts.

"'But this large sum of money you have, of course, deposited in the bank in the meantime?' said I.

"'No,' he answered; 'I merely locked it up in my desk. It will be quite safe there.'

"'Not if your servants know about it, or some chance breaks in, as happened to you before,' I replied.

"'My servants know nothing about it,' he returned; 'and as for burglars—well, lightning never strikes twice in the same place you know.'

"Now," I observed to the ladies, "I should feel ashamed of risking so much in so reckless a manner."

As I concluded, the two charming girls exchanged glances and then Norah said, with a half-concealed yawn:

"If people will be so stupid they ought to lose their money, but in this case, if Mr. Kerwick has not mentioned the matter to anybody except you, of course his money is just as safe in his desk as it would be in the bank."

"Ah, if! Well, if comes in one thing he may be careless in all. He may have told a dozen others for what I know. However, it is no affair of mine, and I really beg pardon for mentioning so uncongenial a matter in so charming a presence."

On reaching the home of my fair companions, shortly before dinner, they did not press me to remain and take "pot luck" with them, as they usually did; but Norah had a headache and Mary was "dreadfully tired;" so we exchanged good wishes and sweet good-byes and I rode back to the hotel.

Curiously enough Mr. Kerwick was there waiting to see me, and I at once took him into my private room and closed the door.

"Well!" he said.

"I have set the trap and baited it," was my answer; "and if we don't catch one or two foxes before morning I shall be surprised."

"Good," he commended.

"Is everything complete on your part?" I asked.

"Everything."

"Then I will be at your house an hour after dark."

We conversed a minute or two longer and then he went home. At the appointed time I entered Mr. Kerwick's house by a door in a lane which was sheltered from observation.

There I found half a dozen stout fellows waiting.

We seated ourselves and awaited the result.

Something about one o'clock in the morning a shutter of the library window was pried open, the window softly raised, and two masked men entered and struck a silent match.

The instant they did so, and before they had time to look round or defend themselves, they were both firmly seized by our men.

In less than half a minute more I had securely clicked the handcuffs upon their wrists.

Then a lamp was lighted and I tore the masks from their faces, revealing the features of the brothers M'Lysaght.

"Good morning, gentlemen!" said I, in my most courtly style; "I am glad to see you. It is hardly necessary to say that you were expected, since you find us all here to receive you. How are the dear girls? I hope they have recovered from their fatigue of yesterday."

"You are a low, treacherous villain!" cried the elder brother.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I am not, but only a humble detective, at your service."

The two men looked perfectly thunder-struck.

"The facts," I continued, "we three have been playing a little game, and you have lost. I set a trap for you, and you have fallen into it. There were no two thousand pounds here, as I led those dear sweet sisters of yours to believe. That was only a little romance of mine, consented to by Mr. Kerwick, in order to catch the burglars who robbed him before. But I will not detain you with further explanations; you will probably hear more of your little indiscretion at your trial."

The four woman were apprehended later in the day, and the house the family had occupied was thoroughly searched; but as no stolen property could be found on the premises, and no incriminating evidence could be brought against them, they were discharged.

In less than a week after their release from custody, the women left the town; the two men got long terms of penal servitude; and I received much praise—besides something more tangible from Mr. Kerwick—and felt much satisfaction at having solved a mystery which some of the most experienced of my professional brethren had failed to unravel.—*J. Young in Tit-Bits.*

Witty Divines.

Dr. Jesse Lee was an eloquent and able divine who founded many churches in New England and the Southern States. He was possessed of a rare gift of humor which nothing could chill. It was on his way from Boston to Lynn that he had a humorous trial of wit with two lawyers. While riding along on horseback they espied him coming in a similar manner, and with an evident expectation of amusement, prepared for the encounter. Ranging themselves one on each side, they began the cross-examination: "Don't you often make mistakes?" said one of the legal fraternity. "Yes, I do." "Well, what do you do then—let them go?" "Sometimes I do and sometimes I don't," was the dry reply. "If they are important I correct them, but if, for example, I should say the devil was the father of lawyers instead of liars, the difference would be so slight that I should let it pass." An ominous silence reigned supreme for a moment. "Humph!" exclaimed the questioner, "I don't know whether you are more a knave or a fool." "Neither," replied Lee. "I believe I am just midway between them." The gentlemen of the bar looked at each other and hastened away.

Mr. Spurgeon used to practice humor in the pulpit, and on one occasion was taken to task for his merry wit. "How can a man of your profession avoid blame for uttering so many jokes?" "I should avoid it," retorted Spurgeon, "if you knew how many I left unuttered.

Dr. Joseph Parker of London has a remarkably handsome wife, while he is only moderately endowed with beauty; in fact, to be candid, the doctor is downright ugly. He was walking down the Strand with Mrs. Parker a few months ago, when a waggish passer-by whispered to his friend: "Here come Beauty and the Beast." But alas! the doctor overheard, and turning to the offender exclaimed in tones of thunder: "Who dares call my wife a beast?" To those who know his pompous manner this story is a treat.

We shrewdly suspect that these gifts of humor in divines are far more keenly appreciated than some persons imagine.

A Story Verified.

In an article on Bermuda last week, mention was made of an incident of the visit of Princess Louise to the island some years ago, which, the writer says, "is said to have happened, the ironing of a shirt by the princess for an old colored woman while she had gone for a glass of water for her. The incident did happen, but not exactly as told. A lady who was living in Bermuda at the time heard the princess herself tell the story at the tea table a few hours after it occurred.

The princess had been out sketching and had a tin cup in which she wished to get some water to wet her brushes. Seeing an old colored woman standing near a window ironing, she went into the house and asked for some water. There was none in the house and in order to get it she would have to go quite a distance to the spring, so she said:

"Lor' sake, chile, I ain't got no time to go for de water. I've got her gib dis yere shirt ironed so as my ole man kin go to see the 'cession to-morrer."

There was to be a procession in honor of the princess.

"If you will get me the water I will iron the shirt," said the princess.

"All right, honey, I'll fetch it in a minute."

While she went for the water the princess ironed the shirt and when she was about to go she said:

"Aunty, are you not going to see the procession? Don't you want to see the princess?"

"Lor', chile, jest look at dat heap of clothes dat is got ter be washed. 'Sides, dey say she ain't only ordinary lookin', jes' like ourselves."

The princess then told her who she was.

"Bless de Lord, honey, an' you is ironed my ole man's shirt. He sha'n't neber wear dat shirt agin."

The princess, in telling the story at the supper table, said that her mother had all of her daughters taught how to cook and how to iron, and she remembered her saying once when she (the princess) demurred about ironing: "You don't know but you may have to iron your husband's shirts some time, and you must know how to do it." Then she added: "I am sure I ironed the shirt well."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ready for the Ball.

"Phwell, and phwat do ye think of me, darlint?"

"Shure, ye look jist illigant, but I phwisht it wur a mask-ball!"

The Picnic Director.

On a little side street just off Union Square an office has been opened by a man who styles himself a picnic director. Despite the oddity of his calling, he did a good business last year, having enough money to pay all his personal expenses and something over.

The picnic director is an actor during the season, but in summer time he is generally idle. Last spring he happened to think of his present business and carried it out with success.

"I take full charge of picnics and relieve the promoters of all responsibility," he says. "Most of my patrons are wealthy or well-to-do New Yorkers who want to take a day's outing. I give them a list of pleasant places in and around New York and secure the necessary carriages, boats or railroad tickets. At the grounds I look after the provisions, see that the servants attend to their business, give information as to where the prettiest views of the country can be seen, sing a song or two if necessary, and render myself generally agreeable. It is a pleasant way to spend a summer vacation, and it brings me in enough money to pay for my board and incidentals until the theatrical season opens again."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

French Leave.

As I was packing my valise for the journey to St. Paul and Minneapolis, the porter brought in a card, writes Max O'Rell. The name was unknown to me, but the porter having said it was the card of a gentleman who was most anxious to speak to me, I said:

"Very well—bring him here."

The gentleman entered the room, saluted me, shook hands and said:

"I hope I am not intruding."

"Well, I must ask you not to detain me long, for I am off in a few minutes."

"I understand, sir, that some time ago you were engaged in teaching the French language in one of the great public schools of England?"

"I was, sir," I replied.

"Well, I wish my son, who is a student, to speak French properly, and I have come to ask for your views on the subject. In other words, will you be good enough to tell me what are the best methods for teaching this language? Only excuse me, for I am very deaf."

He pulled out of his back pocket two yards of gutta-percha tube, and applying one end to his ear and placing the other against my mouth, he said,

"Go ahead!"

"Really!" I shouted through the tube.

"Now please shut your eyes; nothing is better for increasing the power of hearing.

The man shut his eyes and turned his head sideways, so as to have the listening ear in front of me. I took my valise and ran to the lift as fast as I could. That man may still be waiting for aught I know or care.

Asking For Information

"Browning, dear," said Mrs. Emerson of Boston to her husband, "what is a cutaneous pastime?"

"A cutaneous pastime, love? I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, I heard two men on the street-car talking and one of them spoke of a skin game.'

A Gourmand and Wine-Bibber.

Foggs—My rank is higher than yours.
Boggs—I deny that.
Foggs—I always precede you in to dinner.
Boggs—And I always precede you back to the drawing-room.

Boy Life on a Farm.

Farmer's Boy—Kin I go fishin', Dad?
Farmer—Is th' pasture fence all up?
Farmer's Boy—Yes, Dad; every panel of it. Kin I go?
Farmer—Is th' seed corn shelled?
Farmer's Boy—Ev'ry ear of it. Kin I go?
Farmer (reluctantly)—Yes; dig yer bait in th' garden 'n' throw th' stones up side o' th' fence.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Coupon. Enclosures unless accompanied by stamps are not studied.

ARCHIE.—Your first letter received and must wait its turn. Thanks for comments. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

DOT.—It does not tell much, being rather self-conscious, a little self-assertive, prudent and reserved; some imagination, constancy, contient, generosity and vivacity are shown.

PERPLEXED GIRL.—I cannot possibly go over several hundred lines and pick out the one that concerns one of your yours. If you just have patience you will probably hear in your turn.

JAQUETTA.—A peculiar, original and deliberate nature, with strong feeling, honesty, temper and care. The writer is always rather too strong and betrays some inexperience and lack of self-control.

GUTSY HERE.—This is a clever, determined, persevering and cautious disposition; truth is word and deed. Ambition, energy, wit and great facility and love of fun are shown. Writer is prone to fickleness and needs discipline.

LEO LANGTRY.—Great energy, a strong human self-will, good faculty for planning, and perseverance to succeed; very faulty judgment, some conceit, not too much love of pleasure. You are sensitive to criticism and have peculiar tastes, are undoubtedly original and clever.

A CAPTIVE GIRL.—This is not a misnomer. The girl is very fine-natured and should be popular. Shows great love of beauty, sympathy and constancy. Her effort is considered and her perseverance excellent; refinement, discretion, conservation, care and neatness are shown.

ALGNON.—1. It is unnecessary to say what I think of a person who writes the second time for a delineation. Sometimes this happens. One female in Toronto wrote four times. She had a very poor character and every delineation made it worse. I was not angry with her; such tricks are too silly to provoke anger. It is necessary to have a certain amount of just much interest, and not to go up with them. 2. Your writing shows love of display and affectation, you are fond of a sensation if you make it yourself. Strong cause or a carelessness, loss of cause, weakness in effort, ambition, some wit, good temper, artfulness, persistence, some impulse, but not unselfish, rather the reverse.

MAYBELLE.—I answer all sorts of questions in this column except silly questions about the future or matters as absurd. If you give the recipe Marion Harland recommends: 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup prepared flour, 1 well beaten eggs, 1 cup powdered sugar and white of two eggs (for icing), 1 pint whipped and sweetened cream, flavoring. Soft the water in the tablespoons of butter, work in the flour without removing from the fire, stir until stiff, work to the rest of the butter, turn into a bowl, beat in the eggs, drop minutes on greased tin in tablespoonfuls. Don't let them touch, bake quickly and thoroughly. When cold cut a small piece out of the bottom, and with the handle of a spoon scrape out most of inside, fill with cream, fit back piece, set on dish and ice, and in quite over one minute.

BABBIE BACONS.—1. A pretty tableau, with a change of pose, is called The Choice. It takes three figures—The World, a young man dressed in a black coat, a girl in full evening toilette; The Maiden, a young girl with flowing golden hair, dressed in plain white, who stands in the center; The Choice, a sun, with rosey and mixed. In the first scene the two figures are enticing the young maiden. The World offers her strings of jewels, flowers, and the sun points with one hand to heaven and holds out the hands and prayer book to the maiden. In the first scene the girl is smiling at The World, but in the second she kneels before the sun and takes the book and beads, while The World turns away with a scowl. Well done, these scenes are pretty. 2. Your writing is impulsive, hopeful, rather disdainful very reservedly; pretty good judgment, prudence and care are noticeable. The making of a very fine woman.

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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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ACHE
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Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink;
Married or not, you may have to toil;

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Music.

LAST week was a banner week in matters musical, and our music-lovers became quite giddy with the different feasts placed before them. The Philharmonic Society's concerts were followed by the New York Symphony orchestra and a big choir festival. The second Philharmonic concert was not as well attended as it deserved to be, and the more enthusiastic Philharmonicists are abusing the public for not turning up. An endless array of reasons for the public apathy in this regard has been presented in the voluminous correspondence on the subject which has lately decorated the daily papers, and to re-open it now, when quiet has been restored, perhaps through the exhaustion of the combatants, would be cruel in the extreme, so I desist, feeling assured that each solver of the problem has discovered the true reason in his mind. As a matter of fact, the Redemption concert was in many respects a splendid entertainment and apart entirely from the manner of its performance, the noble trilogy is in itself quite worthy of a hearing, whether well or ill done.

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On this occasion, as I have indicated, it was well done in most of its details. The chorus especially was in great shape. It knew its music and sang with emphasis and decision. It gave a magnificent rendering of the great Unfold chorus, and those who could see Father Torrington's look of pleasure at this point saw a happy man. And no one could begrudge him his joy on this occasion, for it was a piece of singing never excelled in the history of the society. The other massive choruses were delivered with equal certainty and spirit. The male choruses were slight in effect and accentuation compared with the work of the whole body, and the soft passages by the full chorus were not soft enough. In the Unfold chorus the Celestial Choir part was sung by all the sopranos, although marked for only eight voices. Why? The desired contrast was thus lost. At a performance of the Redemption which I heard in Chicago, the Celestial Choir sang under the platform, and a beautifully mysterious effect was produced. The orchestra played excellently, even the trumpet players in the gallery, usually a *crux* in this case, coming up to time like little heroes. The tone of the orchestra was rich and full, and its crispness and accentuation very praiseworthy. But the general fault of inattention to shading marks was evident in this department also, although the orchestra was more than usually good in this respect during the solo accompaniments.

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The principal soloists were Mr. Kaiser, Mr. Warrington and Mr. Schuch. Mr. Kaiser sang much better than on the previous evening, showing great care and feeling, and giving a neatly finished artistic performance. Mr. Warrington sang the words allotted to the Saviour with reverence and impressiveness, and being in excellent voice made one of the best of his many good efforts. Mr. Schuch was excellently suited in the monotones of the bass Narrator and gave careful renderings of his music. The duetts between the two Narrators were rendered with praiseworthy unanimity. The principal soprano part was to have been sung by Mrs. F. G. Cox, but the lady was indisposed, and Mrs. T. Parker assumed the part on very short notice, giving satisfactory renditions under the circumstances. Mrs. Petley found herself rather overweighted in her solos, and the ladies and gentlemen who sang the concerted pieces, Miss Paterson, Miss Mortimer, Miss Flint, Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chattoe stepped out of their places in the chorus and sang their music very creditably, if not in the best artistic style. A word of praise—and a hearty one—is due to Mrs. Dreschler-Adamson for the careful and efficient way in which she led the orchestra.

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What a beautiful concert that of the New York Symphony Orchestra was on May 20! We are all under the greatest obligations to Mr. O. B. Sheppard for having secured us such a rich treat. The only drawback seemed to be that the stage of the Grand Opera House is not the best place for such a concert. Many of the finer effects are lost because the orchestra is not placed in an open space, and the extremely soft work is apt to lose its resonance; yet the excellent training and discipline of the orchestra was abundantly evident. Mr. Walter Damrosch, the conductor, is a young man who has had to learn his art during the act of performance. He has been fortunate in having the means to do so placed at his disposal, more fortunate than perhaps hundreds of greater talent. Yet he has used his opportunities well, and is to-day unquestionably a great conductor. People may say that it is an easy matter, if you have the money, to engage sixty good instrumentalists and have them play good music well. But, alas! musicians' human nature is much the same as other human nature, and if the taskmaster does not know his business and does not demand most rigorously the fulfilment of the duties imposed upon his players, that human nature will make them neglectful of the finer *nuances* in their parts. Mr. Damrosch's public work shows the utmost attention to the extremes of expression, and we may now fairly assume that the callow young man of seven or eight years ago has become an experienced maestro.

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As he conducted on Thursday night of last week, he showed that he understood his work and had an intelligent conception of it, and that he knew how to obtain a corresponding rendition of it from his forces. He spared no pains to indicate his will, and left nothing to chance or to the paper his men played from. He watched everything and he gave us what must be admitted to be the most perfect and refined orchestral performance that has been heard in Toronto. Much of this success was no doubt due to the excellence of his material, for every instrument was well-nigh perfect in execution, but the controlling mind and guiding hand are quite as necessary. The tone of the instruments showed a homogeneity that can only be found where each player is of the greatest excellence, and the tone of the wind section was a revelation to most Toronto concert-goers. The most exquisite gradations of light and shade were secured, while the pianissimos were delicate and ethereal to a degree. No doubt all these beauties were enhanced by the fact that the same programme was played in all places visited during the present tour, enabling constant practice and the greatest finish.

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The introduction to the third act of Lohengrin opened the evening's performance, and was excellently played. It was in the second number, however, that we began to see the excellence of the orchestra, in its accompaniment to Mr. Adolph Brodsky's violin solo. These were played with beautiful softness and delicacy. Mr. Brodsky, I must confess, rather disappointed me. He has been for years one of the renowned teachers of Leipsic, and I fully expected to find a greater degree of individuality in his playing. The acoustics of the Opera House may have had something to do with it, but his tone seemed small and narrow, though sweet and round to a most gratifying extent. His playing showed a certain reserve which is detrimental to a warm interpretation. Probably this is the classical repose we read about. If so, well and good. But in that case, why the weakness shown by Mr. Brodsky of a slow tremolo, whose ululation before long became wearisome to the listener? Yet the perfect intonation, the beautiful shading, the delicate facility of execution and the exquisitely adjusted *ensemble* between soloist and orchestra made every one uproarious with applause when the solo was finished. A clever (if tricky) transcription of the Valse Legere from Faust was the reward of the audience.

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Raff's beautiful Lenore Symphony was the next number, and was a rare gem in both matter and manner. The light and elegant treatment of the Allegro, with the quaint suggestion of Mediævalism in the March and their constant contrasts of light and color, hardly led one to expect the gruesome music of the spectral ride. Amid the clatter of the hoofs, the hoarse cries of the ravens and the fierce shrieks of the spirits one could well imagine quotations asked Lenore: "*Grawl Liebchen auch vor Todten?*" Liveller and lighter was the march Militaire of Schubert, arranged by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, which was played with a splendid swing. The variations on the Austrian National Hymn played by the strings, basses omitted, showed that all the performers on these instruments were capable of effectively presenting chamber-music. The bizarre First Rhapsody of Liszt furnished an excellent means of demonstrating the discipline of the orchestra. The singer Fraulein Irene Pevny disappointed me. It seemed very little for a fine, handsome vocalist to do, after journeys of hundreds of miles, to only come out and sing a trifling character study from Mignon, clever as it is and appropriate as it is in its place in the opera. She showed excellent vocalization and very good style, though an occasional scale was not as clearly cut as it should be. And then the poverty of singing part of the same number on a recall!

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Friday evening of last week was a memorable one in the annals of church music in Toronto. That noble pile, St. James' Cathedral, then held a chorus of nearly seven hundred men, women and boys, who had united to hold a service of song that will live in the minds of many. The clear, bell-like voices of the boys, purified in the large edifice from the faults we may perceive when we measure them a few at a time, rolled and swelled through the Cathedral, and supported by the full diapason of the men's voices formed more than a concourse of sweet sounds. They suggested a devotional feeling which was taken up almost unanimously by the immense congregation, for all sang heartily in the beautiful congregational service and but few stopped to listen. Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the choir master of the Cathedral, was to have had the direction of the service, but was prevented by illness from doing so, and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, organist and choir master of St. Simon's church, took up the work at a late hour. He was under the disadvantage of having to take up another man's plans, without having time to add any of his own, and under the circumstances produced a most creditable effect. Where many united rehearsals are obviously impossible and where so many of the choristers are boys, the effects we might look for in concert choruses are hardly to be expected, yet there was considerable unanimity in both chant and hymn. The choral service especially was well sung, a powerful aid being the fine voice of Rev. John Pearson, who read the prayers.

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The lessons were read by Rev. C. M. Inglis and Rev. Rural Dean Jones, an interesting address being given by Rev. Canon DuMoulin. Mr. E. W. Phillips, organist of St. George's church, played the organ very effectively during the service. It is to be hoped that this, the first, will not be the last service of this kind. They do good in more ways than one, and stimulate the weaker choirs to greater effort. The one great object of such a service, the unification of the regular services of the church, cannot be accomplished in one such function, but enough has been done to show its possibility in future years when more time can be taken, and when the lessons learned in the present instance can be made to bear fruit. The details of the service were well carried out under the energetic supervision of Rev. J. Charles Roper, and of Mr. George H. Laud, organist of St. Margaret's church.

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On Saturday last Miss Dallas gave an interesting organ recital at Association Hall, showing her talent on the instrument to the delight of a large audience. Vocal numbers were given by Miss Laura S. Wise and Miss Edith J. Miller.

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On Tuesday evening next the Ladies' Choral Club, under the direction of Miss Hillary, will repeat its late programme at Association Hall for the benefit of St. John's Hospital; and on the same evening the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution will hold its closing exercises at the Pavilion. Mr. Harold Jarvis will sing at this entertainment. On Thursday evening Mr. Tom Hurst's testimonial concert will take place at the Pavilion, when a bumper house may be looked for. On Tuesday, June 7, the Toronto Orchestral School will give its initial concert at the Pavilion under the direction of F. H. Torrington. I had almost forgotten to mention the interesting concerts on the 2nd and 3rd, to be given by the Detroit Philharmonic Choir at the Normal School.

METRONOME.

Perverting His Meaning.

He was a prosperous and wealthy merchant; she was a little bit of a clerk who lived and thrived, and took care of a little sister on a few dollars a week, and was as bright and cheery as if she had never a care in the world, making her own sunshine out of the other side of the cloud. She was saucy too. Nobody could crush her with any grand airs, and she had a pathetic little way of putting aside snubs and insults, as if she did not see them. So all her scorn turned into crowns.

One morning she was late. It was little sister's fault entirely. She had what she called a toothache night, and slept so peacefully that morning on her big sister's arm that it made her late. The merchant himself saw her come in one hour behind time. She was smiling and hurrying in, and he stopped her. Pulling out a gold watch, he opened it, held it up before her face without a word, and waited to see the effect.

"Isn't it lovely?" she said. "I never saw it before. Thank you;" and, with a smile on her face, she tripped away.

You may call it ·hat you will, artless ingenuousness or artful calculation, but a more surprised man than the time-keeping merchant was when she disposed of his reprimand, it would be hard to find.

Proof Positive.

"I shall not open the door, Harvardson," said the Boston wife at two o'clock a.m. "until I have satisfactory evidence that you have not been spending the evening in riotous conviviality."

"You precaution, my dear," replied the Boston husband, who stood shivering on the outside, "is natural but unnecessary. I have been in attendance at an unusually interesting session of the Zoroaster club." With clear, distinct enunciation he then repeated rapidly the passage from Emerson's essay on Plato: "Seashore, sea seen from the shore, shore seen from the sea."

And the door was thrown open at once.

A Foreigner.

Mr. Vonderkase—Vy you call me a foreigner, eh! I no more foreigner dan yourself.

Mr. McCork—Hear th' shpalpeen! Any one moight think he'd been born in Oirland.

Why She Didn't Bow.

Rowne de Bout—Miss Bonde didn't bow to you. Perhaps she didn't recognize you.

Tom Vanderastor—Oh yes, she did. She recognized both of us. That's the reason.

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Art and Artists.

(Continued from Page Two.)

quarters. This is true. The animal looks as though he had lain down on his side, but rolled his head and forepaws over, made alert by some fancied alarm. Yet his hindquarters remain as though asleep and indifferent to the keen watch maintained by those red and ready eyes. Still the strength, color, and drawing of the head, shoulders and paws are enough to make that a notable picture.

W. E. Atkinson scarcely received deserved position for his pictures. Moonrise (Cernay) is a very clever thing, and Autumn Evening (Bretagne) was the best evening effect on the walls. River Scene had a studio look, a remark that is more applicable to many other exhibits which space will not permit me to score. J. W. L. Forster showed a good portrait of Miss Maud; the drawing was fine, true, life-like, and his next best was that of W. A. Murray: other portraits were less noteworthy, and on the walls I should have liked to have seen his portrait of Mr. Otto Klotz of Preston, which he painted some weeks ago and which I had the pleasure of seeing in his studio. As I said above, O. R. Jacobi is a master of color, and his exhibits had an impalpable something lacking generally in those around him. T. Mower Martin had several very good water colors, besides his oils, of which his Muskoka River was the best. Standing before G. Bruenech's Harvest Time, a family group came up behind me and a young lady innocently asked, "Is that water or hay?" This is very severe, but the severity is not mine. He had some others that were much better. F. M. Bell-Smith's Evening, although admired more or ess, had a sea-green sameness not attractive. It had the color of water yet the hard immovableness of ice. I mention Evening because it is his most pretentious exhibit and because it is well hung, but he has better work in worse location in that same hall, that of the Auteuil Viaduct or his Cornish Coast water color. W. A. Sherwood's best piece of work is his Alpine Warder, a magnificent St. Bernard, and he also has another very creditable animal near by of the same breed. His portrait of F. A. Verner is good but the others lack that rare touch usually found in his work. Paul G. Wickson's The Bridesmaid is too fantastic and odd for a common reporter of limited experience to criticize one way or other without putting his foot in it, and W. Cutts had several pictures on the line that loaned emphasis to better things above and below them. Miss S. S. Tully had a number of fine studies of the human head, clever, striking, with some unmentionable trademark by which they could be counted out from the others.

M. Matthews, C. M. Manly, W. D. Blatchley, D. Fowler, J. T. Rolph and T. H. Wilkinson have some fine work among the water colors, but nothing which stands out ahead of the times. Of course G. A. Reid is among these. He is great on reflections in the water, but these have a dripping appearance which some may pronounce an adornment and others a fault. Perhaps a medium between Mr. Reid's too wet and Mr. Verner's too dry and fuzzy effects would be about the proper thing. Among others deserving mention in one class or another, are Y. T. Saito, Mrs. M. H. Reid, Miss M. Mason, J. M. Kidd and R. F. Gagen.

VAN.

Little Nell—What does the organist at our church have a lookin'-glass fixed over his head on the organ for?

Little Dick—I guess that's so he can tell the choir when the minister is lookin'.

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The sale of seats for the closing exercises of this institution has been unexpectedly large, and the affair gives promise of complete success.

THE GREEK TABLEAUX

a novel and most artistic feature of the programme, have been long in preparation, and will comprise (among others) such studies in the classic as reproductions of such well-known pieces of art as—

The Battle of the Amazons
Death of Virginia
Aurora's Train
Alcibiades and Socrates
The Toilet of the Bride
And many others

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THE SARATOGA OF CANADA
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THIS cut shows a desirable detached house in St. George street, containing 13 rooms, drawing-room, dining-room, library and kitchen on ground flat; and 9 bedrooms; heated by hot water. Hot and cold water in several rooms. Handsomely decorated throughout, worth $10,000; price $8,500 if sold immediately or will rent at $50 per month. Very easy terms of payment if required.

NO. 78 PEMBROKE ST.—Beautiful detached house containing 13 rooms, drawing-room, dining-room, square hall with handsome staircase and fireplace, 2 kitchens, butler's pantry, lavatory, etc., on ground flat, and 9 bedrooms. This house is worth $12,000; will sell at $9,000 if sold immediately on easy terms of payment, or will rent at $50 per month. A smaller house in the neighborhood of Huron street will be taken in part payment of either of above.

NO. 49 BRUNSWICK AVENUE—Handsome semi-detached house, 10 rooms and all modern convenience including laundry. Worth $6,500 will be sold for $5,000; $200 down, balance small monthly payments.

C. J. McCUAIG, No. 1 Toronto Street.

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I have some choice Montreal properties for sale at absurdly low prices, particulars of which can be had on application.

C. J. McCUAIG.

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The successful treatment of the diseased conditions known as drunkenness, opium and morphine habits, tobacco habit and neurasthenia by means of the Double Chloride of Gold remedies is rapidly becoming well known throughout Canada. The action of gold as medicine is primarily upon the higher cerebral nerve centers, the very seat of diseased will and of the mania for strong drink. It acts directly upon those portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause lunacy, epilepsy and the drinking habit. Its specific effect as a remedy is against the mania for drunkenness. The wonderful success so far of the Gold Cure is no hearsay statement. It is the evidence of living men, to all intents and purposes cured of the liquor, morphine and tobacco habits. These men had faith and seized the opportunity laid at their very doors to test the efficacy of this wonderful cure, this priceless boon to suffering habit-controlled humanity. "*Veni! vidi! vici!*" is the exultant exclamation of those who determined to bury their pride, take the course of treatment, and escape the moral degradation, the physical, mental and financial prostration, that the drinking, morphine or opium habits lead to invariably. In the past few years 56,000 people, male and female, from all ranks of society, have been treated and successfully cured. At the Grimsby Gold Cure Branch Institute each patient receives individual treatment, carefully graded to meet the varying constitutional and symptomatic conditions of the case, under the personal supervision of C. H. McBride, M.D., L.R.C.P. and S., Edinburgh, M.C.P.S.O., chief of the company's medical staff. The time required for treatment is three weeks, and in that period the Gold Cure will do more for the liquor *habitue* than can be done for him by any other treatment on the face of the globe in three years—it will give him a cure. The Institute's physicians do not hesitate to give every liquor *habitue* coming there all the liquor necessary until he drops it of his own free will, which is usually in from thirty-six to forty-eight hours after commencing treatment. He drops it forever. As long as he draws a living breath it ceases to have any temptation for him. The experience of the liquor and morphine *habitues* is emphasized by those who have been cured of the tobacco habit and of neurasthenia. There are no physical nor moral restraints—no bolted "stone walls nor iron bars"—nor pain during the progress of the Gold Cure. The remedy fights its way insidiously. The release from the degrading habit is painless and sure. The Gold Cure is a radical remedy for the habits, or, more properly, diseases mentioned above. The hearty support not only of all unfortunates, but of those classes who devote themselves in any way to the elevation of the race, ought to be yielded to this truly scientific institution. The company has published a large amount of interesting literature. Any person wishing fuller information may obtain the same in plain sealed envelopes by dropping a post card to the Gold Cure Institute, Grimsby, Ontario.

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Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.
Saturday at 10 p.m.

Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.

Returning, leaving Charlotte every

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Choice sets of Silver Cutlery and China for hire.

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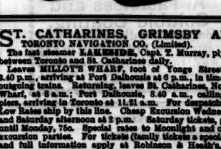

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WOODBINE PARK, TORONTO
May 24, 25, 26, 27 and 28
Flat Races and Steeplechases

Street cars run to track. First race at 2.30 each day. Badge stand tickets on sale May 23 only at J. E. Ellis's Co.'s, 5 King Street East.

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Such was the verdict of a frequenter of the resorts of Folly and Fashion of the Queen's Birthday races. Our Mantle Department was well represented there.

New Top Coats in Box Cloth
Tandem Coats with Square Backs
Tennis Jackets and Blazers
The Newest Rain Cloaks

THE LARGEST STOCK TO CHOOSE FROM

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As most of the nearly new upright pianos which we hired for the past winter are now being returned to us, we have decided not to hold them for next season as usual, but to sell them off at low prices to make room for our new styles, which will then be exclusively used. We therefore offer now

25 Fine Upright Pianos 25
As Good as New
At Very Great Reductions in Price

Owing to the prices at which we offer this fine assortment we must decline accepting second-hand square pianos or organs in part payment.

Call early and secure the best, but there is not a poor instrument in the lot.

WE SUPPLY NO TORONTO DEALERS, and have not done so since September, '91.

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MASON & RISCH
32 King Street West, Toronto

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Chief Justice Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bethune, the Messrs. Moss, the Misses Boulton, Dr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, Mr. W. Hart, Mrs. William Mulock, the Misses Mulock, Mr. Andrew Darling, Mrs. Kemp, the Misses Kemp, the Misses Dalias, Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bailey, Miss Minnie Gaylord, Miss Beach, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. Fred Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Candee, the Misses Rudyerd Boulton, Miss Kingsmill, Mr. Houston, Mrs. and Miss Maclean Howard.

•

Mr. Jack Kilgour of the Merchants' Bank, London, was in town this week.

•

Dr. W. W. and Mrs. Ogden have gone to visit friends in Virginia.

•

At the Victoria Club ball the officers of the 48th Highlanders were the guests of the president, Major Cosby, and attended in full Highland costume.

•

Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski have gone to Europe.

•

Mrs. Henry Duggan gave an enjoyable card party last Saturday evening.

•

The Sheridan Dramatic Club had a most successful visit to Barrie. Crowds of people, the best in Barrie, turned out to see the clever performers, and the visitors came home on Wednesday much pleased with their trip. Mrs. Chadwick chaperoned the party. The success of the affair was largely due to the enterprise and energy of Mr. Harry Boddy, who took all the responsibility upon his shoulders, and who should be gratified with the result. Mr. Boddy's recitation of Jemima's Courtship brought down the "Barriers," and he was presented with a *recherche* bouquet of dandelions and rhubarb, tied with pink ribbons.

•

Several Toronto ladies, amongst whom were Mrs. R. B. Hamilton and Mrs. Miller, visited Owen Sound this week.

•

Mr. R. Connoly of Dunnville was in town this week.

•

Mr. R. S. Williams of Goderich was in the city for a few days and took in the lacrosse match on May 24 as referee.

In the Future.

Little Miss Toronto—Won't baby have a good time when he grows up?
Mamma—Why so, my dear?
Little Miss Toronto—Why, the streets will be all done then.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

SPECIAL NOTICE

Complying with general request,
BEECHAM'S PILLS
will in future for the United States be covered with
A Tasteless and Soluble Coating,
completely disguising the taste of the Pill without in any way impairing its efficacy.
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"Why, that was quite sudden, wasn't it?"
"Well, suddenly for a Philadelphia man. He was engaged five months."

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SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage licenses, 691 Queen St. West, between Portland and Bathurst Sts. No witnesses required. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 258 Bathurst St.

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USE HOWARTH'S
Carminative Mixture
This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
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TONIC
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A Pure and Wholesome Nerve, Brain and Muscle Food
Renews Vitality and Strength to Overworked Organs
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 Yonge St., Toronto

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BOOTH—May 17, Mrs. W. L. Booth—a daughter.
PATERSON—May 19, Mrs. T. W. Paterson—a son.
TODD—April 4, Mrs. Herbert G. Todd—a daughter.
WHITFIELD—May 16, Mrs. T. G. Whitfield—a son.

Marriages.

FAULKNER—LAMBERT—May 16, Frank Faulkner to Annie Lambert.
ROSS—EYRE—May 18, Frederick J. Ross to Therese Adelaide Victoria Eyre.
GLYN—SUTHERLAND—April 27, England, Clayton Glyn to Eleanor Sutherland.
BELL—WAGSTAFF—May 23, Fred A. Bell to Dora Wagstaff.
HUME—TAGGART—May 23, Harry Hume to Mary G Taggart.
JORDAN—HEWITT—May, W. G. Gordan to Hattie Hewitt.
JACKS—DOLBY—May 18, John W. Jacks to Edith Dolby

Deaths.

SHIELDS—May 18, Margaret Shields, aged 75.
WILLETT—May 17, William Willett, aged 66.
EAGEN—May 24, William John Eagen, aged 28.
BEATTY—May 20, Samuel Beatty, aged 44.
BEAMISH—May 18, George Beamish, aged 72.
CURDLE—May 19, Thomas Curdle, aged 66.
JONES—May 22, Marietta Forbes Jones.
McCARTNEY—May 19, Charlotte McCartney.
UPTHEGROVE—May 19, John W. Upthegrove, aged 22.
TURNER—May 19, Alfred Turner, aged 71.
SEFTON—May, Henry Francis Sefton, aged 83.
MORROW—May 22, Jane Morrow, aged 72.
DAVIS—May 24, Alida John Hogue, aged 18.
LAWRENCE—May 21, Susan Fidelia Lawrence.
MACWATT—May 21, John MacWatt, aged 56.
PATTERSON—May 22, Belle Patterson, aged 32.
FRENCH—May 5?, James French, aged 75.
MORTON—May 21, Margaret Morton, aged 31.
HILL—May 22, William Hill, aged 88.

WEDDING GIFTS
A choice selection of the latest novelties in
Fine Porcelain
Rich Cut Glass, etc.
WILLIAM JUNOR
TELEPHONE 2477
109 King Street West, Toronto

CHINA HALL

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ORNAMENTS IN

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Venetian Glass Ornaments

English and American Cut Glass

The largest and best assortment in the Dominion, at close prices.

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Piano Lamps, English Silk Shades
Banquet Lamps, English Silk Shades
Oxydized Table Lamps, Eng. Silk Shades

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Victorias, Coupes, etc. Fine Horses and Carriages, with careful Drivers in Livery.
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on a new principle, so that whilst they are the correct shape and size to go under the berths they can also be used as ordinary railroad trunks.

PRICES—32 Inch	$3.00	$5.00	
34 "	3 50	5.50	
36 "	4.00	6.00	$7.50

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